1507/1024.

THE BUSIE BODY;

A

COMEDY.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

The FIFTH EDITION.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam ventoſo Gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus Spectator, ſedulus inflat.
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit—— *Horat. Epiſt. Lib.* II. *Ep.* 1.

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. ESDALL, on *Cork-hill*,
For WILLIAM SMITH, Bookſeller, at the *Hercules*
in *Dame-ſtreet*.

M.DCC.XLVII.

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PROLOGUE.

By the Author of Tunbridge-Walks.

THO' modern Prophets were expos'd of late,
The Author cou'd not propheſy his Fate:
If with ſuch Scenes an Audience had been fir'd,
The Poet muſt have really been inſpir'd.
But theſe, alas! are melancholy Days
For modern Prophets, and for modern Plays.
Yet ſince Prophetick Lyes pleaſe Fools o' Faſhion,
And Women are ſo fond of Agitation;
To Men of Senſe I'll propheſy anew,
And tell you wond'rous things that will prove true;
Undaunted Colonels will to Camps repair,
Aſſur'd, there'll be no Skirmiſhes this Year;
On our own Terms will flow the wiſh'd for Peace,
All Wars, except 'twixt Man and Wife, will ceaſe.
The Grand Monarch may wiſh his Son a Throne,
But hardly will advance to loſe his own.
This Seaſon moſt things bear a ſmiling Face;
But Play'rs in Summer have a diſmal Caſe,
Since your Appearance only is our Act of Grace.
Court Ladies will to Country Seats be gone,
My Lord can't all the Year live Great in Town;
Where wanting Operas, Baſſet, and a Play,
They'll ſigh, and ſtitch a Gown, to paſs the time away.
Gay City-Wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whoſe Huſbands long have labour'd for an Heir;
Where many a Courtier may their Wants relieve,
But by the Waters only they conceive.
The Fleet-ſtreet Sempſtreſs, Touſt of Temple Sparks,
That runs ſpruce Neckcloths for Attorneys Clerks;
At Cupid's Gardens will her Hours regale,
Sing fair Dorinda, and drink Bottled Ale.
At all Aſſemblies Rakes are up and down,
And Gameſters, where they think they are not known.
Shou'd I denounce our Author's Fate to Day,
To cry down Prophecies, you'd damn the Play:
Yet Whims like theſe have ſometimes made you laugh.
'Tis Tattling all, like Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

PROLOGUE.

Since War and Places claim the Bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a Woman's Treat to Night;
Let your Indulgence all her Fears allay,
And none but Woman-Haters damn this Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir *George Airy*. A Gentleman of Four Thousand a Year, in Love with *Miranda*. — Mr. *Giffard*.

Sir *Francis Gripe*. Guardian to *Miranda* and *Marplot*, Father to *Charles*, in Love with *Miranda*. — Mr. *Moore*.

Charles. Friend to Sir *George*, in Love with *Isabinda*. — Mr. *Watson*.

Sir *Jealous Traffick*. A Merchant that had liv'd sometime in *Spain*, a great Admirer of the *Spanish* Customs, Father to *Isabinda*. — Mr. *Vanderbank*.

Marplot. A sort of a silly Fellow, Cowardly, but very inquisitive to know every Body's Business, generally spoils all he undertakes, yet without Design. — Mr. *Griffith*.

Whisper. Servant to *Charles*. — Mr. *Rosco*.

WOMEN.

Miranda. An Heiress, worth Thirty Thousand Pound, really in Love with Sir *George*, but pretends to be so with her Guardian Sir *Francis*. — Mrs. *Moreau*.

Isabinda. Daughter to Sir *Jealous*, in Love with *Charles*, but design'd for a *Spanish* Merchant by her Father, and kept up from the Sight of all Men. — Mrs. *Sterling*.

Patch. Her Woman. — Mrs. *Vanderbank*.

Scentwell. Woman to *Miranda*. — Mrs. *Grace*

THE BUSIE BODY.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Park.*

Sir George Airy *meeting* Charles.

Cha. HA! Sir *George Airy!* A Birding thus early; what forbidden Game rouz'd you ſo ſoon? For no lawful Occaſion cou'd invite a Perſon of your Figure abroad at ſuch unfaſhionable Hours.

Sir *Geo.* There are ſome Men, *Charles*, whom Fortune has left free from Inquietudes, who are diligently ſtudious to find out Ways and Means to make themſelves uneaſy.

Cha. Is it poſſible that any thing in Nature can ruffle the Temper of a Man, whom the four Seaſons of the Year compliment with as many thouſand Pounds, nay, and a Father at reſt with his Anceſtors.

Sir *Geo.* Why there 'tis now! a Man that wants Money thinks no one can be unhappy that has it; but my Affairs are in ſuch a whimſical Poſture, that it will require a Calculation of my Nativity to find if my Gold will relieve me or not.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, never conſult the Stars about that; Gold has a Power beyond them; Gold unlocks the Midnight Councils; Gold out-does the Wind, becalms the Ship, or fills her Sails; Gold is omnipotent below: it makes whole Armies fight or fly; it buys even Souls, and bribes the Wretches to betray their Country: Then what can thy Buſineſs be that Gold won't ſerve thee in?

Sir *Geo.* Why, I'm in Love.

Cha. In Love!——Ha, ha, ha; in Love, Ha, ha, ha; with what, prithee? a *Cherubim*?

Sir *Geo.* No, with a Woman.

Cha. A Woman, Good, Ha, ha, ha, and Gold not help thee?

Sir *Geo.* But ſuppoſe I'm in love with two——

Cha. Ay, if thou'rt in Love with two hundred, Gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, Boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir *Geo.* One is a Lady whoſe Face I never ſaw, but witty as an Angel; the other beautiful as *Venus*——

Cha. And a Fool——

Sir *Geo.* For aught I know, for I never ſpoke to her; but you can inform me; I am charm'd by the Wit of one, and die for the Beauty of the other.

Cha. And pray, which are you in queſt of now?

Sir *Geo.* I prefer the ſenſual Pleaſure, I'm for her I've ſeen, who is thy Father's Ward, *Miranda*.

Cha. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew my Father will no more part with her and 30000 Pound, than he wou'd with a Guinea to keep me from Starving.

Sir *Geo.* Now you ſee Gold can't do every thing, *Charles*.

Cha. Yes, for 'tis her Gold that bars my Father's Gate againſt you.

Sir *Geo.* Why, if he is this avaricious Wretch, how cam'ſt thou by ſuch a liberal Education?

Cha. Not a Souſe out of his Pocket, I aſſure you: I had an Uncle who defray'd that Charge, but for ſome little Wildneſſes of Youth, tho' he made me his Heir, left Dad my Guardian till I came to Years of Diſcretion, which I preſume the old Gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the Eſtate into his Clutches, it does me no more Good than if it lay in *Preſter John*'s Dominions.

Sir *Geo.* What, can'ſt thou find no Stratagem to redeem it?

Cha. I have made many Eſſays to no Purpoſe; tho' Want, the Miſtreſs of Invention, ſtill tempts me on, yet ſtill the old Fox is too cunning for me——I am upon my laſt Project, which if it fails, then for my laſt Refuge, a brown Muſket.

Sir *Geo.* What is't? can I aſſiſt thee? *Cha.*

Cha. Not yet; when you can, I have Confidence enough in you to aſk it.

Sir *Geo.* I am always ready, but what does he intend to do with *Miranda?* Is ſhe to be ſold in private? Or will he put her up by way of Auction, at who bids moſt? If ſo, Egad I'm for him; my Gold, as you ſay, ſhall be ſubſervient to my Pleaſure.

Cha. To deal ingeniouſly with you, Sir *George*, I know very little of her, or Home; for ſ- -e my Uncle's Death, and my Return from Travel, I have never been well with my Father; he thinks my Expences too great, and I his Allowance too little; he never ſees me, but he quarrels; and to avoid that, I ſhun his Houſe as much as poſſible. The Report is, he intends to marry her himſelf.

Sir *Geo.* Can ſhe conſent to it?

Cha. Yes, faith, ſo they ſay; but I tell you, I am wholly ignorant of the Matter. *Miranda* and I are like two violent Members of a contrary Party; I can ſcarce allow her Beauty, tho' all the World does; nor ſhe me Civility for that Contempt: I fancy ſhe plays the Mother-in-law already, and ſets the old Gentleman on to do Miſchief.

Sir *Geo.* Then I've your free Conſent to get her.

Cha. Ay, and my helping Hand, if occaſion be.

Sir *Geo.* Pugh, yonder's a Fool coming this way, let's avoid him.

Cha. What *Marplot*, no, no, he's my Inſtrument; there's a thouſand Conveniencies in him, he'll lend me his Money when he has any, run of my Errands, and be proud on't; in ſhort, he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me, and that I truſt to my own Arm for.

Sir *Geo.* Nay then he's to be endur'd; I never knew his Qualifications before.

Enter Marplot *with a Patch croſs his Face.*

Marp. Dear *Charles*, your's —— Ha! Sir *George Airy*, the Man in the World, I have an Ambition to be known to (*Aſide*). Give me thy Hand dear Boy——

Cha. A good Aſſurance! But hark ye, how came your beautiful Countenance clouded in the wrong Place?

Mar. I muſt confeſs 'tis a little *Mal a-propos*, but

no matter for that; a Word with you, *Charles*; prithee, introduce me to Sir *George*——he is a Man of Wit, and I'd give ten Guineas to——

Cha. When you have 'em, you mean.

Marp. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, Pox, you cut the Thread of my Diſcourſe——I wou'd give ten Guineas, I ſay, to be rank'd in his Acquaintance: Well, 'tis a vaſt Addition to a Man's Fortune, according to the Rout of the World, to be ſeen in the Company of leading Men; for then we are all thought to be Politicians, or Whigs, or Jacks, or High-Flyers, or Low-Flyers, or Levellers—— and ſo forth; for you muſt know we all herd in Parties now.

Cha. Then a Fool for Diverſion is out of Faſhion, I find.

Marp. Yes, without it be a mimicking Fool, and they are Darlings every where; but prithee introduce me.

Cha. Well, on Condition you'll give us a true Account how you came by that mourning Noſe, I will.

Marp. I'll do it.

Cha. Sir *George*, here's a Gentleman has a paſſionate Deſire to kiſs your Hand.

Sir *Geo.* Oh, I honour Men of the Sword; and I preſume this Gentleman is lately come from *Spain* or *Portugal*——by his Scars.

Marp. No really, Sir *George*, mine ſprung from civil Fury, happening laſt Night into the Groom-Porters—— I had a ſtrong Inclination to go ten Guineas with a ſort of a, ſort of a——kind of a Milk Sop, as I thought: A Pox of the Dice, he flung out, and my Pockets being empty, as *Charles* knows they ſometimes are, he prov'd a ſurly *North Briton*, and broke my Face for my Deficiency.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! ha! and did not you draw?

Marp. Draw, Sir, why, I did but lay my Hand upon my Sword to make a ſwift Retreat, and he roar'd out, Now the Deel a Ma ſol, Sir, gin ye touch yer Steel, Ile whip mine through yer Wem.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ha.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ſafe was the Word, ſo you walk'd off, I ſuppoſe.

Marp.

Marp. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be ſerviceable to my Friends you know——

Sir. *Geo.* Your Friends are much oblig'd to you, Sir, I hope you'll rank me in that Number.

Marp. Sir *George*, a Bow from the Side Box, or to be ſeen in your Chariot, binds me ever yours.

Sir *Geo.* Trifles, you may command 'em when you pleaſe.

Cha. Provided he may command you——

Marp. Me! why I live for no other Purpoſe—— Sir *George*, I have the Honour to be careſs'd by moſt of the reigning Toaſts of the Town, I'll tell 'em you are the fineſt Gentleman——

Sir *Geo.* No, no, prithee let me alone to tell the Ladies——my Parts——can you convey a Letter upon Occaſion, or deliver a Meſſage with an Air of Buſineſs, Ha?

Marp. With the Aſſurance of a Page, and the Gravity of a Stateſman.

Sir *Geo.* You know *Miranda!*

Marp. What, my Siſter *Ward?* Why her Guardian is mine, we are Fellow Sufferers. Ah! he is a covetous, cheating, ſanctify'd Curmudgeon; that Sir *Francis Gripe* is a damn'd old——

Cha. I ſuppoſe, Friend, you forget that he is my Father——

Marp. I aſk your Pardon, *Charles*, but it is for your ſake I hate him. Well, I ſay, the World is miſtaken in him. His out-ſide Piety makes him every Man's Executor; and his inſide Cunning makes him every Heir's Jaylor. Egad, *Charles*, I'm half perſuaded that thou'rt ſome *Ward* too, and never of his getting: For thou art as honeſt a Debauchee as ever cuckol'd Man of Quality.

Sir *Geo.* A pleaſant Fellow.

Cha. The Dog is diverting ſometimes, or there wou'd be no enduring his Impertinence: He is preſſing to be employ'd, and willing to execute, but ſome ill Fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftner ſpoils an Intrigue than helps it.——

Marp. If I miſcarry, 'tis none of my fault, I follow my Inſtructions.

Cha. Witneſs the Merchant's Wife.

Marp. Piſh, Pox, that was an Accident.

Sir *Geo.* What was it, prithee?

Cha. Why you muſt know I had lent a certain Merchant my hunting Horſes, and was to have met his Wife in his Abſence: Sending him alone with my Groom to make the Compliment, and to deliver a Letter to the Lady at the ſame time; what does he do, but gives the Huſband the Letter, and offers her the Horſes.

Marp. I remember you was even with me, for you deny'd the Letter to be yours, and ſwore I had a Deſign upon her, which my Bones paid for.

Cha. Come, Sir *George*, let's walk round, if you are not engag'd, for I have ſent my Man upon a little earneſt Buſineſs, and I have order'd him to bring me the Anſwer into the Park.

Marp. Buſineſs, and I not know it, Egad I'll watch him.

Sir *Geo.* I muſt beg your Pardon, *Charles*, I am to meet your Father.

Cha. My Father!

Sir *Geo.* Ay! and about the oddeſt Bargain perhaps you ever heard of; but I'll not impart till I know the Succeſs.

Marp. What can his Buſineſs be with Sir *Francis*? Now would I give all the World to know it; why the Devil ſhould not one know every Man's Concerns. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Proſperity to't whatever it be, I have private Affairs too; over a Bottle we'll compare Notes.

Marp. *Charles* knows I love a Glaſs as well as any Man, I'll make one; ſhall it be to Night? Ad I long to know their Secrets. [*Aſide.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. Sir, Sir, Mrs. *Patch* ſays *Iſabinda*'s *Spaniſh* Father has quite ſpoil'd the Plot, and ſhe can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this Afternoon, ſhe ſays; but I muſt ſtep again to know the Hour. —

Marp. What did *Whiſper* ſay now? I ſhall go ſtark mad if I'm not let into this Secret. *Aſide.*

Cha. Curſt Misfortune, come along with me, my Heart feels Pleaſure at her Name; Sir *George*, yours; we'll meet a the old Place the uſual Hour.

Sir *Geo.* Agreed; I think I ſee Sir *Francis* yonder. (*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe, I am engag'd (*Exit.*

Marp. Engag'd, Egad I'll engage my Life I'll know what your Engagement is. (*Exit.*

Miran. [*Coming out of a Chair.*] Let the Chair wait: My Servant that dog'd Sir *George*, ſaid he was in the Park.

Enter Patch.

Ha! Mrs. *Patch* alone! Did not you tell me you had contriv'd a way to bring *Iſabinda* to the Park?

Patch. Oh, Madam, your Ladyſhip can't imagine what a wretched Diſappointment we have met with: Juſt as I had fetch'd a Suit of my Cloaths for a Diſguiſe, comes my old Maſter into his Cloſet, which is right againſt her Chamber door; this ſtruck us into a terrible Fright——At length I put on a grave Face, and aſk'd him if he was at leiſure for his Chocolate, in Hopes to draw him out of his Hole; but he ſnap'd my Noſe off; no, I ſhall be buſie here this two Hours; at which my poor Miſtreſs ſeeing no way of Eſcape, order'd me to wait on your Ladyſhip with the ſad Relation

Miran. Unhappy *Iſabinda!* Was ever any thing ſo unaccountable as the Humour of Sir *Jealous Traffick?*

Patch. Oh, Madam, it's his living ſo long in *Spain*; he vows he'll ſpend half his Eſtate, but he'll be a Parliament Man, on purpoſe to bring in a Bill for Women to wear Veils, and the other odious *Spaniſh* Cuſtoms—He ſwears it is the height of Impudence to have a Woman ſeen barefac'd even at Church, and ſcarce believes there's a true begotten Child in the City.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, how the old Fool torments himſelf! ſuppoſe he could introduce his rigid Rules——does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no; let the Tyrant Man make what Laws he will, if there's a Woman under the Government, I warrant ſhe finds a way to break 'em; Is his Mind ſet upon the *Spaniard* for his Son-in-Law ſtill?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next Fleet, which

which drives his Daughter to Melancholy and Deſpair: But, Madam, I find you retain the ſame gay, cheerful Spirit you had, when I waited on your Ladyſhip——— My Lady is mighty good humour'd too, and I have found a way to make Sir *Jealous* believe I am wholly in his Intereſt, when my real Deſign is to ſerve her; he makes me her Jaylor, and I ſet her at Liberty.

Miran. I knew thy prolifick Brain wou'd be of ſingular Service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her Father.

Patch. But, Madam, the Report is that you are going to marry your Guardian.

Miran. It is neceſſary ſuch a Report ſhou'd be, *Patch.*

Patch. But is it true, Madam?

Miran. That's not abſolutely neceſſary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old ſtrain, coaxing him ſtill for your own, and railing at all the young Fellows about Town: In my Mind, now, you are as ill plagu'd with your Guardian, Madam, as my Lady is with her Father.

Miran. No, I have Liberty, Wench, that ſhe wants; what would ſhe give now to be in this *Diſhabillee*, in the ——open Air, nay more, in Purſuit of the young Fellow ſhe likes; for that's my Caſe, I aſſure thee.

Patch. As for that, Madam, ſhe's even with you; for tho' ſhe can't come abroad, we have a Way to bring him Home in Spight of old *Argus*.

Miran. Now *Patch*, your Opinion of my Choice, for here he comes——Ha! my Guardian with him; what can be the meaning of this? I'm ſure Sir *Francis* can't know me in this Dreſs—let's obſerve 'em. [*They withdraw.*

Enter Sir Francis Gripe and *Sir* George Airy.

Sir *Fran.* Verily, Sir *George*, thou wilt repent throwing away thy Money ſo, for I tell thee ſincerely, *Miranda*, my Charge do's not love a young Fellow, they are all vicious, and ſeldom make good Huſbands; in ſober ſadneſs ſhe cannot abide 'em.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] In ſober ſadneſs you are miſtaken ——what can this mean?

Sir *Geo.* Look ye, Sir *Francis*, whether ſhe can or cannot abide young Fellows, is not the Buſineſs; will you take the fifty Guineas?

Sir

Sir *Fran.* In good truth——I will not; for I knew thy Father, he was a hearty wary Man, and I cannot consent that his Son should squander away what he sav'd to no Purpose.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Now, in the Name of Wonder, what Bargain can he be driving about me for fifty Guineas?

Patch. I wish it ben't for the first Night's Lodging, Madam.

Sir *Geo.* Well, Sir *Francis*, since you are so conscientious for my Father's Sake, then permit me the Favour *Gratis*.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] The Favour! O' my Life, I believe 'tis as you said, *Patch*?

Sir *Fran.* No verily, if thou dost not buy the Experience, thou wilt never be wise; and therefore give me a hundred and try Fortune.

Sir *Geo.* The Scruple arose, I find, from the Scanty Sum——Let me see; a hundred Guineas——[*Takes 'em out of a Purse and chinks 'em*] Ha! they have a pritty Sound, and a very pleasing Look——But then, *Miranda*——But if she should be cruel——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] As Ten to One I shall——

Sir *Fran.* Ay, do consider on't, He, he, he, he.

Sir *Geo.* No, I'll do't.

Patch. Do't, what, whether you will or no, Madam?

Sir *Geo.* Come to the Point, here's the Gold, sum up the Condition——

Sir *Fran.* [*Pulling out a Paper.*]

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Ay for Heaven's sake do, for my Expectation is on the Rack.

Sir *Fran.* Well, at your own Peril be it.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, go on.

Sir *Fran.* *Imprimis*, you are to be admitted into my House in order to move your Suit to *Miranda*, for the space of ten Minutes without Lett or Molestation, provided I remain in the same Room.

Sir *Geo.* But out of Ear shot——

Sir *Fran.* Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say. Ha, ha, ha, in consideration I am to have that Purse and a hundred Guineas.

Sir *Geo.* Take it—— (*Gives him the Purse.*

Miran.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] So, 'tis well it's no worſe, I'll fit you both——

Sir *Geo.* And this Agreement is to be perform'd to Day.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ay, the ſooner the better. Poor Fool, how *Miranda* and I ſhall laugh at him——Well, Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha, take the laſt Sound of your Guineas, Ha, ha, ha, (*Chinks 'em.*) [Exit.

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Sure he does not know I am *Miranda*.

Sir *Geo.* A very extraordinary Bargain I have made truly, if ſhe ſhould be really in Love with this old Cuff now——Pſha, that's morally impoſſible——but then what hopes have I to ſucceed, I never ſpoke to her——

Miran. [*Peeping.*] Say you ſo? Then I am ſafe.

Sir *Geo.* What tho' my Tongue never ſpoke, my Eyes ſaid a thouſand things, and my Hopes flatter'd me hers anſwer'd 'em. If I'm lucky——if not, 'tis but a hundred Guineas thrown away.

(Miranda *and* Patch *come forwards.*

Miran. Upon what Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! my *Incognito*——upon a Woman, Madam.

Miran. They are the worſt things you can deal in, and damage the ſooneſt; your very Breath deſtroys 'em, and I fear you'll never ſee your Return, Sir *George*, Ha, ha!

Sir *Geo.* Were they more brittle than *China*, and drop'd to Pieces with a Touch, every Atom of her I have ventur'd at, if ſhe is but Miſtreſs of thy Wit, ballances ten times the Sum——Prithee let me ſee thy Face.

Miran. By no means, that may ſpoil your Opinion of my Senſe——

Sir *Geo.* Rather confirm it, Madam.

Patch. So rob the Lady of your Gallantry, Sir.

Sir *Geo.* No Child, a Diſh of Chocolate in the Morning never ſpoils my Dinner; the other Lady, I deſign a Set Meal; ſo there's no Danger——

Miran. Matrimony! Ha, ha, ha! what Crimes have you committed againſt the God of Love, that he ſhould revenge 'em ſo ſeverely to ſtamp Huſband upon your Forehead——

Sir *Geo.* For my Folly in having ſo often met with you here

here without purſuing the Laws of Nature, and exerciſing her Command——But I reſolve, e'er we part now, to know who you are, where you live, and what kind of Fleſh and Blood your Face is; therefore unmaſk and don't put me to the Trouble of doing it for you.

Miran. My Face is the ſame Fleſh and Blood with my Hand, Sir *George*, which if you'll be ſo rude to provoke——

Sir *Geo.* You'll apply it to my Cheek——The Ladies Favours are always welcome; but I muſt have that Cloud withdrawn. (*Taking hold of her.*) Remember you are in the *Park*, Child, and what a terrible thing would it be to loſe this pretty white Hand.

Miran. And how will it ſound in a Chocolate-Houſe, that Sir *George Airy* rudely pull'd off a Lady's Maſk, when he had given her his Honour, that he never would directly or indirectly endeavour to know her till ſhe gave him Leave.——

Patch. I wiſh we were ſafe out.

Sir *Geo.* But if that Lady thinks fit to purſue, and meet me at every turn, like ſome troubled Spirit, ſhall I be blam'd if I enquire into the Reality? I would have nothing diſſatisfy'd in a Female Shape.

Miran. What ſhall I do? (*Pauſes.*

Sir *Geo.* Ay, prithee conſider, for thou ſhalt find me very much at thy Service.

Patch. Suppoſe, Sir, the Lady ſhould be in Love with you.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! I'll return the Obligation in a Moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ha, that's not the way to love her, Child.

Miran. If he diſcovers me I ſhall die——Which way ſhall I eſcape?——Let me ſee (*Pauſes.*

Sir *Geo.* Well, Madam——

Miran. I have it——Sir *George*, 'tis fit you ſhould allow ſomething; if you'll excuſe my Face, and turn your Back (If you look upon me I ſhall ſink, even maſk'd as I am) I will confeſs why I have engag'd you ſo often, who I am, and where I live?

Sir *Geo.* Well, to ſhew you I'm a Man of Honour, I accept the Conditions. Let me but once know thoſe and the Face won't be long a ſecret to me. *Patch*

Patch. What mean you Madam?

Miran. To get off.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis ſomething indecent to turn ones Back upon a Lady; but you command and I obey *(Turns his Back.)* Come, Madam, begin ———

Miran. Firſt then it was my happy Lot to ſee you at *Paris, (Draws back a little while and ſpeaks)* at a Ball upon a Birth-day; your Shape and Air charm'd my Eyes; your Wit and Complaiſance my Soul, and from that fatal Night I lov'd you. *(Drawing back.*

And when you left the Place, Grief ſeiz'd me ſo—
No reſt my Heart, no Sleep my Eyes cou'd know—
Laſt I reſolv'd a hazardous Point to try,
And quit the Place in ſearch of Liberty. [Exit.

Sir *Geo.* Excellent——I hope ſhe's handſome——Well, now, Madam, to the other two Things: Your Name, and where you live;——I am a Gentleman, and this Confeſſion will not be loſt upon me———Nay, prithee don't weep, but go on——for I find my Heart melts in thy Behalf——ſpeak quickly or I ſhall turn about——Not yet.——Poor Lady, ſhe expects I ſhou'd comfort her; and to do her Juſtice, ſhe has ſaid enough to encourage me. *(Turns about.)* Ha! gone! The Devil, jilted? Why, what a Tale has ſhe invented——of *Paris*, Balls, and Birth-Days.——Egad I'd give Ten Guineas to know who this Gipſie is——A Curſe of my Folly——I deſerve to loſe her; What Woman can forgive a Man that turns his Back.

The Bold and Reſolute, in Love and War,
To Conquer take the right and ſwifteſt Way;
The boldeſt Lover ſooneſt gains the Fair,
As Courage makes the rudeſt Forte obey;
Take no Denial, and the Dames adore ye,
Cloſely purſue them, and they fall before ye.

End of the Firſt A C T.

A C T

ACT II.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* HA, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha; Oh, I ſhall die with Laughing.——The moſt Romantick Adventure; Ha, ha! What does the odious young Fop mean? A hundred Pieces to talk an Hour with me: Ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* And I am to be by to; there's the Jeſt: Adod, if it had been in Private, I ſhou'd not have car'd to truſt the young Dog.——

Miran. Indeed and indeed, but you might *Guardy*—— Now methinks there's no Body handſomer than you: So neat, ſo clean, ſo good-humour'd, and ſo loving.——

Sir *Fran.* Pritty Rogue, pritty Rogue, and ſo thou ſhalt find me; if thou doſt prefer thy *Guardy* before theſe Caperers of the Age, thou ſhall outſhine the Queen's Box on an *Opera* Night; thou ſhalt be the Envy of the Ring (for I will carry thee to *Hyde-park*) and thy Equipage ſhall ſurpaſs the what—d'ye call 'em Ambaſſadors.

Miran. Nay I'm ſure the diſcreet Part of my Sex will envy me more for the inſide Furniture, when you are in it, than my outſide Equipage.

Sir *Fran.* A cunning Baggage, a Faith, thou art, and a wiſe one too; and to ſhew thee thou haſt not choſe amiſs, I'll this Moment diſinherit my Son, and ſettle my whole Eſtate upon thee.

Miran. There's an old Rogue now: (*Aſide.*) No, *Guardy*, I would not have your Name be ſo black in the World——You know my Father's Will runs, that I am not to poſſeſs my Eſtate, without your Conſent, till I'm Five and Twenty; you ſhall only abate the odd Seven Years, and make me Miſtreſs of my Eſtate to Day, and I'll make you Maſter of my Perſon to Morrow.

Sir *Fran.* Humph? that may not be ſafe—— No, *Chargy*, I'll ſettle it upon thee for *Pin-Money*; and that will be every bit as well, thou know'ſt.

Miran. Unconſcionable old Wretch, bribe me with my own Money——Which Way ſhall I get out of his Hands? (*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Well, what art thou thinking on, my Girl, ha? How to banter Sir *George*?

Miran. I muſt not pretend to banter: He knows my Tongue too well: *(Aſide.)* No, *Guardy*, I have thought of a Way will confound him more than all I could ſay, if I ſhou'd talk to him Seven Years.

Sir *Fran.* How's that? Oh! I am tranſported, I'm raviſh'd, I'm mad———

Miran. It wou'd make you mad, if you knew all. *(Aſide.)* I'll not anſwer him one Word, but be dumb to all he ſays———

Sir *Fran.* Dumb, good; ha, ha, ha. Excellent! he, he, I think I have you now, Sir *George*, dumb! he'll go diſtracted———Well, ſhe's the wittieſt Rogue. Ha, ha, dumb. I can but laugh, ha, ha, to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his Money away for a dumb Show. Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Nay, *Guardy*, if he did but know my Thoughts of him, it wou'd make him ten Times madder: Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, ſo it wou'd *Chargy*, to hold him in ſuch Deriſion, to ſcorn to anſwer him, to be dumb: Ha, ha, ha.

Enter Charles.

Sir *Fran.* How now, Sirrah, Who let you in?

Cha. My Neceſſity, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, your Neceſſities are very impertinent, and ought to have ſent before they enter'd.

Cha. Sir, I knew it was a Word wou'd gain Admittance no where.

Sir *Fran.* Then, Sirrah, how durſt you rudely thruſt that upon your Father, which no Body elſe wou'd admit?

Cha. Sure the Name of a Son is a ſufficient Plea. I aſk this Lady's Pardon if I have intruded.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Ay, aſk her Pardon and her Bleſſing too, if you expect any Thing from me.

Miran. I believe yours, Sir *Francis*, in a Purſe of Guineas, wou'd be more material. Your Son may have Buſineſs with you, I'll retire.

Sir *Fran.* I gueſs his Buſineſs, but I'll diſpatch him; I expect the Knight every Minute: You'll be in Readineſs.

Miran.

Miran. Certainly! my Expectation is more upon the Wing than yours, old Gentleman. *(Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir!

Cha. Nay, it is very ill, Sir, my Circumſtances are, I'm ſure.

Sir *Fran.* And what's that to me, Sir? your Management ſhou'd have made them better.——

Cha. If you pleaſe to intruſt me with the Management of my Eſtate, I ſhall endeavour it, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* What to ſet upon a Card, and buy a Lady's Favour at the Price of a thouſand Pieces, to rig out an Equipage for a Wench, or by your Careleſſneſs enrich your Steward to fine for Sheriff, or put up for Parliament Man.

Cha. I hope I ſhou'd not ſpend it this Way; However I aſk only what my Uncle left me; yours you may diſpoſe of as you pleaſe, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* That I ſhall, out of your reach, I aſſure you, Sir. Adod theſe young Fellows think old Men get Eſtates for Nothing but them to ſquander away, in Diceing, Wenching, Drinking, Dreſſing, and ſoforth.

Cha. I think I was born a Gentleman, Sir; I'm ſure my Uncle bred me like one.

Sir *Fran.* From which you wou'd infer, Sir, that Gaming, Whoring, and the Pox, are Requiſites to a Gentleman.

Cha. Monſtrous! when I would aſk him only for a ſupport, he falls into theſe unmannerly Reproaches; I muſt, tho' againſt my Will, employ Invention, and by Stratagem relieve my ſelf. *(Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, what is it you mutter, Sirrah, ha? *(Holds up his Cane.)* I ſay you ſhan't have a Groat out of my Hands till I pleaſe——and may be I'll never pleaſe, and what's that to you?

Cha. Nay, to be robb'd, or have one's Throat cut, is not much——

Sir *Fran.* What's that, Sirrah? wou'd you rob me, or cut my Throat, ye Rogue?

Cha. Heaven forbid, Sir,——I ſaid no ſuch thing.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! What a Plague it is to have a Son of One and Twenty, who wants to Elbow one out of one's Life, to edge himſelf into the Eſtate.

Enter

Enter Marplot.

Marp. Egad he's here——I was afraid I had loſt him: His ſecret cou'd not be with his Father, his Wants are publick there——Guardian——your Servant *Charles*, I know by that ſorrowful Countenance of thine, the old Man's Fiſt is as cloſe as his ſtrong Box——but I'll help thee——

Sir *Fran.* So: Here's another extravagant Coxcomb, that will ſpend his Fortune before he comes to't; but he ſhall pay ſwinging Intereſt, and ſo let the Fool go on—Well, what! do's Neceſſity bring you too, Sir?

Marp. You have hit it, Guardian——I want a Hundred Pound.

Sir *Fran.* For what?

Marp. Pogh, for a hundred Things. I can't for my Life tell you for what.

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe I have received all the Anſwer I am like to have.

Marp. Oh, the Devil, if he gets out before me, I ſhall loſe him again.

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, and you may be marching as ſoon as you pleaſe——I muſt ſee a Change in your Temper e'er you find one in mine.

Marp. Pray, Sir, diſpatch me; the Money, Sir, I'm in a mighty haſte.

Sir *Fran.* Fool take this and go to the Caſhier; I ſhan't be long plagu'd with thee *(gives him a Note.*

Marp. Devil take the Caſhier, I ſhall certainly have *Charles* gone before I come back again. *(Runs out.*

Cha. Well, Sir, I take my Leave——But remember, you expoſe an only Son to all the Miſeries of wretched Poverty, which too often lays the Plan for Scenes of Miſchief.

Sir *Fran.* Stay, *Charles*, I have a ſudden Thought come into my Head, may prove to thy Advantage.

Cha. Ha, does he relent!

Sir *Fran.* My Lady *Wrinkle*, worth Forty Thouſand Pound, ſets up for a handſome young Huſband; ſhe prais'd thee t'other Day; tho' the Match-makers can get Twenty Guineas for a ſight of her, I can introduce thee for Nothing.

Cha.

Cha. My Lady *Wrinkle*, Sir! Why ſhe has but one Eye.

Sir *Fran.* Then ſhe'll ſee but half your Extravagance, Sir.

Cha. Condemn me to ſuch a Piece of Deformity! Toothleſs, Dirty, Wry-neck'd, Hunch-back'd Hag.

Sir *Fran.* Hunch-back'd! ſo much the better, then ſhe has a Reſt for her Misfortunes; for thou wilt load her ſwingingly. Now, I warrant you think, this is no offer of a Father; Forty Thouſand Pound is Nothing with you.

Cha. Yes, Sir, I think it is too much; a young beautiful Woman with half the Money wou'd be more agreeable; I thank you, Sir, but you chuſe better for your ſelf, I find.

Sir *Fran.* Out of my Doors, you Dog; you pretend to meddle with my Marriage, Sirrah!

Cha. Sir, I obey: But——

Sir *Fran.* But me no Buts——Be gone, Sir: Dare to aſk me for Money again——Refuſe Forty Thouſand Pound! Out of my Doors, I ſay, without reply.

(*Exit.* Charles.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. One Sir *George Airy* enquires for you, Sir.

Enter Marplot *Running.*

Marpl. Ha? gone! Is *Charles* gone, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Yes and I deſire your wiſe Worſhip to walk after him.

Marpl. Nay, Egad, I ſhall run. I tell you but that. Ah, pox of the Caſhier for detaining me ſo long; where the Devil ſhall I find him now? I ſhall certainly loſe this Secret. (Exit *haſtily.*

Sir *Fran.* What is the Fellow diſtracted?——Deſire Sir *George* to walk up——Now for a Trial of Skill that will make me happy, and him a Fool: Ha, ha, ha, in my Mind he looks like an Aſs already.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Fran.* Well, Sir *George*, D'ye hold in the ſame Mind? or would you capitulate? Ha, ha, ha: Look here are the Guineas. (*Chinks them.*) Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Not if they were twice the Sum, Sir *Francis*: Therefore be brief, call in the Lady, and take

take your Poſt.—If ſhe's a Woman, and not ſeduc'd by Witchcraft to this old Rogue, I'll make his Heart ake; for if ſhe has but one Grain of Inclination about her, I'll vary a Thouſand Shapes but find it. (*Aſide.*

Enter Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Agreed——*Miranda*. There, Sir *George*, try your Fortune. [*Takes out his Watch.*]

Sir *Geo.* So from the Eaſtern Chambers breaks the Sun, Diſpels the Clouds, and gilds the Vales below. (*Saluſes her.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, Kiſſing was not in our Agreement.

Sir *Geo.* Oh! That's by Way of Prologue:——Prithee, old Mammon, to thy Poſt.

Sir *Fran.* Well, young *Timon*, 'tis now four exactly; one Hour, remember, is your utmoſt Limit, not a Minute more. (*Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam, whether you'll excuſe or blame my Love, the Author of this raſh Proceeding, depends upon your Pleaſure, as alſo the Life of your Admirer; your ſparkling Eyes ſpeak a Heart ſuſceptible of Love; your Vivacity a Soul too delicate to admit the Embraces of decay'd Mortality.

Mir. (*Aſide.*) Oh! that I durſt ſpeak——

Sir *Geo.* Shake off this Tyrant Guardian's Yoke, aſſume yourſelf, and daſh his bold aſpiring Hopes; the Deity of his Deſires is Avarice, a Heretick in Love, and ought to be baniſh'd by the Queen of Beauty. See, Madam, a faithful Servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the Number of your Slaves.

(Miranda *gives him her Hand to raiſe him.*

Sir *Fran.* I wiſh I cou'd hear what he ſays now. [*Running up.*] Hold, hold, hold, no Palming, that's contrary to Articles——

Sir *Geo.* Death, Sir, keep your Diſtance, or I'll write another Article in your Guts. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] A bloody minded Fellow!

Sir *Geo.* Not anſwer me! Perhaps ſhe thinks my Addreſs too grave; I'll be more free—Can you be ſo unconſcionable, Madam, to let me ſay all theſe fine things to you without one ſingle Compliment in

Return?

Return? View me well, am I not a proper handſome Fellow, ha? Can you prefer that old, dry, wither'd, ſapleſs Log of Sixty-five, to the vigorous, gay, ſprightly Love of Twenty-four? With ſnoring only he'll awake thee, but I with raviſhing Delight would make thy Senſes dance in Concert with the joyful Minutes——— Ha? Not yet? Sure ſhe is dumb——Thus wou'd I ſteal and touch thy beauteous Hand, [*Takes hold of her Hand*] till by degrees I reach'd thy ſnowy Breaſts, then raviſh Kiſſes thus. [*Embraces her in Ecſtaſy.*

Miran. [*Struggles and flings from him.*] O Heavens! I ſhall not be able to contain myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Running up with his Watch in his Hand*]. Sure ſhe did not ſpeak to him——— There's Three Quarters of the Hour gone, Sir *George*——Adod, I don't like thoſe cloſe Conferences——

Sir *Geo.* More Interruptions——— You will have it, Sir. [*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*

Sir *Fran.* [*Going back.*] No, no, you ſhan't have her neither. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Dumb ſtill——Sure this old Dog has enjoin'd her Silence; I'll try another way——— I muſt conclude, Madam, that in Compliance to your Guardian's Humour, you refuſe to anſwer me——Conſider the Injuſtice of his Injunction. This ſingle Hour coſt me a hundred Pound——and wou'd you anſwer me, I cou'd purchaſe the Twenty-four ſo: However, Madam, you muſt give me leave to make the beſt Interpretation I can for my Money, and take the Indication of your Silence for the ſecret Liking of my Perſon: Therefore, Madam, I will inſtruct you how to keep your Word inviolate to Sir *Francis*, and yet anſwer me to every Queſtion: As for Example, when I aſk you any thing to which you would reply in the Affirmative, gently nod your Head——thus; and when in the Negative, thus; [*Shaking his Head.*] and in the Doubtful, a tender Sigh, thus. [*Sighs.*

Miran. How every Action charms me——— but I'll fit him for Signs I warrant him [*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *George*, Ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Geo.* Was it by his Desire that you are dumb, Madam, to all that I can say?

Miran. [*Nods.*]

Sir *Geo.* Very well! she's tractable I find——And is it possible that you can love him? Miraculous! [Miranda *nods.*] Pardon the Bluntness of my Questions, for my Time is short; may I not hope to supplant him in your Esteem? [Miran. *Sighs.*] Good, she answers as I could wish——You'll not consent to marry him then? [Miran. *Sighs.*] How, doubtful in that——Undone again——Humph! but that may proceed from his Power to keep her out of her Estate till Twenty-five; I'll try that——Come, Madam, I cannot think you hesitate on this Affair out of any Motive but your Fortune——Let him keep it till those few Years are expired; make me happy with your Person, let him enjoy your Wealth——[Miran. *holds up her Hands.*] Why, what Sign is that now? Nay, nay, Madam, except you observe my Lesson, I can't understand your meaning——

Sir *Fran.* What a Vengeance, are they talking by Signs! ad I may be fool'd here; what do you mean, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* To cut your Throat, if you dare mutter another Syllable.

Sir *Fran.* Od! I wish he were fairly out of my House.

Sir *Geo.* Pray, Madam, will you answer me to the Purpose? [Miran. *shakes her Head, and points to* Sir Francis.] What! does she mean she won't answer me to the Purpose, or is she afraid yon old Cuff should understand her Signs?——Ay, it must be that——I perceive, Madam, you are too apprehensive of the Promise you have made to follow my Rules; therefore I'll suppose your Mind, and answer for you——First, for myself, Madam, that I'm in Love with you is an infallible Truth. Now for you; [*Turns on her Side.*] Indeed, Sir, and may I believe it?——As certainly, Madam, as that 'tis Day-light, or that I die if you persist in Silence——Bless me with the Musick of your Voice, and raise my Spirits to their proper Heaven; Thus low let me intreat; e'er I'm oblig'd to

quit

quit this Place, grant me ſome Token of a favourable Reception to keep my Hopes alive. [*Ariſes haſtily, and turns of her Side.*] Riſe, Sir, and ſince my Guardian's Preſence will not allow me Privilege of Tongue, read that, and reſt aſſured you are not indifferent to me. [*Offers her a Letter*] Ha! right Woman! [*She ſtrikes it down.*] But no matter, I'll go on.

Sir *Fran.* Ha! what's that? A Letter——Ha, ha, ha, thou art baulk'd.

Miran. The beſt Aſſurance I ever ſaw—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! a Letter; Oh! let me kiſs it with the ſame Raptures that I wou'd do the dear Hand that touch'd it. [*Opens it.*] Now for a quick Fancy, and a long *Extempore.*——What's here? [*Reads.*] "Dear "Sir *George*, this Virgin Muſe I conſecrate to you, "which when it has received the Addition of your "Voice, 'twill charm me into a Deſire of Liberty to "Love, which you, and only you can fix." My Angel! Oh you tranſport me! [*Kiſſes the Letter.*] And ſee the Power of your Command; the God of Love has ſet the Verſe already; the flowing Numbers dance into a Tune, and I'm inſpir'd with a Voice to ſing it.

Miran. I'm ſure thou art inſpir'd with Impudence enough.

Sir *Geo.* [*Sings.*]

Great Love inſpire him;
Say I admire him;
Give me the Lover
That can diſcover
Secret Devotion
From ſilent Motion;
Then don't betray me,
But hence convey me.

Sir *Geo.* [*Taking hold of* Miranda.] With all my Heart, this Moment let's retire.

[*Sir* Francis *coming up haſtily.*

Sir *Fran.* The Hour is expir'd, Sir, and you muſt take your leave. There, my Girl, there's the Hundred Pounds which thou haſt won, go, I'll be with you preſently, Ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Miranda.

Sir *Geo.* Ads Heart, Madam, you won't leave me juſt in the Nick, will you?

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, ſhe has nick'd you, Sir *George*, I think, Ha, ha, ha: Have you any more Hundred Pounds to throw away upon Courtſhip? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* He, he, he, he, a Curſe of your ſleering Jeſts——Yet, however ill I ſucceed, I'll venture the ſame Wager, ſhe does not value thee a Spoonful of Snuff———Nay more, tho' you enjoin'd her Silence to me, you'll never make her ſpeak to the Purpoſe with yourſelf.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, did not I tell thee thou would'ſt repent thy Money? Did not I ſay ſhe hated young Fellows, Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* And I'm poſitive ſhe's not in Love with Age.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, no matter for that; Ha, ha, ſhe's not taken with your Youth, nor your Rhetorick to boot, Ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Whate'er her Reaſons are for diſliking of me, I am certain ſhe can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; how he ſwells with Envy ———Poor Man, poor Man———Ha, ha; I muſt beg your Pardon, Sir *George*; *Miranda* will be impatient to have her ſhare of Mirth: Verily we ſhall laugh at thee moſt egregiouſly; Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* With all my Heart, Faith,———I ſhall laugh in my turn too——For if you dare marry her, old *Belzebub*, you would be cuckolded moſt egregiouſly; Remember that and tremble.

She that to Age her beauteous Self reſigns,
Shews witty Management for cloſe Deſigns.
Then if thou'rt grac'd with fair Miranda's *Bed,*
Actæon's *Horns ſhe means ſhall crown thy Head.*

[Exit.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha; he is mad.

Theſe fluttering Fops imagine they can wind,
Turn, and decoy to Love all Woman-kind:
But here's a Proof of Wiſdom in my Charge,
Old Men are conſtant, young Men live at large.

The

The frugal Hand can Bills at Sight defray,
When he that laviſh it, has Nought to pay.

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to Sir* Jealous Traffick's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Jealous, Iſabinda, Patch *following.*

Sir *Jeal.* What, in the Balcony again, notwithſtanding my poſitive Commands to the contrary!—— Why don't you write a Bill upon your Forehead, to ſhew Paſſengers there's ſomething to be let——

Iſab. What harm can there be in a little freſh Air, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* Is your Conſtitution ſo hot, Miſtreſs, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous *Spaniſh* Rules, baniſh your Taſte, and Thoughts of Fleſh, feed upon Roots, and quench your Thirſt with Water.

Iſab. That and a cloſe Room would certainly make me die of the Vapours.

Sir *Jeal.* No, Miſtreſs, 'tis your high-fed, luſty, rambling, rampant Ladies——that are troubled with the Vapours; 'tis your Ratafia, Perſico, Cinnamon, Citron, and Spirit of Clary, that cauſe ſuch Swi---m---ing in the Brain, that carries many a Guinea full-tide to the Doctor. But you are not to be bred this way; no galloping abroad, no receiving Viſits at home; for in our looſe Country, the Women are as dangerous as the Men.

Patch. So I told her, Sir, and that it was not decent to be ſeen in a Balcony——But ſhe threatened to ſlap my Chaps, and told me I was her Servant, not her Governeſs.

Sir *Jeal.* Did ſhe ſo? But I'll make her to know, that you are her *Duenna:* Oh that incomparable Cuſtom of *Spain!* Why here's no depending upon old Women in my Country——for they are as wanton at Eighty, as a Girl of Eighteen; and a Man may as ſafely truſt to *Aſgill*'s Tranſlation, as to his Grandmother's not marrying again.

Iſab. Or to the *Spaniſh* Ladies Veils and *Duennas,* for the Safeguard of their Honour.

Sir *Jeal.* Dare to ridicule the cautious Conduct of

that wiſe Nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this Fortnight without a Peep-hole.

Iſab. If we had but the ghoſtly Helps in *England*, which they have in *Spain*, I might deceive you if you did——Sir, 'tis not the reſtraint, but the innate Principles, ſecure the Reputation and Honour of our Sex ——Let me tell you, Sir, Confinement ſharpens the Invention, as want of Sight ſtrengthens the other Senſes, and is often more pernicious, than the Recreation innocent Liberty allows.

Sir *Jeal.* Say you ſo, Miſtreſs; who the Devil taught you the Art of Reaſoning? I aſſure you, they muſt have a greater Faith than I pretend to, that can think any Woman innocent who requires Liberty. Therefore, *Patch*, to your Charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from *Change*; I ſhall have ſome ſauntering Coxcomb, with nothing but a red Coat and a Feather, think, by leaping into her Arms, to leap into my Eſtate——But I'll prevent them, ſhe ſhall be only Seigneur *Babinetto*'s.

Patch. Really, Sir, I wiſh you would employ any Body elſe in this Affair; I lead a Life like a Dog, with obeying your Commands. Come, Madam, will you pleaſe to be lock'd up.

Iſab. Ay, to enjoy more Freedom than he is aware of. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit with* Patch.

Sir *Jeal.* I believe this Wench is very true to my Intereſt; I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my Daughter from being blown upon till Seigneur *Babinetto* arrives; who ſhall marry her as ſoon as he comes, and carry her to *Spain* as ſoon as he has marry'd her; ſhe has a pregnant Wit, and I'd no more have her an *Engliſh* Wife, than the Grand Signior's Miſtreſs.

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. So, I ſee Sir *Jealous* go out; where ſhall I find Mrs. *Patch* now?

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh Mr. *Whiſper*, my Lady ſaw you out at the Window, and order'd me to bid you fly, and let your Maſter know ſhe's now alone.

Whiſp. Huſh, ſpeak ſoftly; I go, I go. But hark'e Mrs.

Mrs. *Patch*, ſhall not you and I have a little Confabulation, when my Maſter and your Miſtreſs are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay, Farewell.

[*Goes in and ſhuts the Door.*

Re-enter Sir Jealous Traffick *meeting* Whiſper.

Sir *Jeal.* Sure whilſt I was talking with Mr. *Tradewell*, I heard my Door clap. [*Seeing* Whiſper.] Ha! a Man lurking about my Houſe; who do you want there, Sir?

Whiſp. Want——want, a pox, Sir *Jealous!* what muſt I ſay now?——

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, want? have you a Letter or Meſſage for any Body there?——O' my Conſcience, this is ſome He Bawd.——

Whiſp. Letter or Meſſage, Sir!

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, Letter or Meſſage, Sir.

Whiſp. No, not I, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll have you ſet in the Stocks, if you don't tell me your Buſineſs immediately.

Whiſp. Nay, Sir, my Buſineſs——it is no great matter of Buſineſs neither; and yet 'tis Buſineſs of Conſequence too.

Sir *Jeal.* Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whiſp. Trifle, Sir, have you found him, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* Found what, you Raſcal?

Whiſp. Why *Triſle* is the very Lap-Dog my Lady loſt, Sir; I fancy'd I ſee him run into this Houſe. I'm glad you have him——Sir, my Lady will be overjoyed that I have found him.

Sir *Jeal.* Who is your Lady, Friend?

Whiſp. My Lady *Love-Puppy*, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* My Lady *Love-Puppy!* then prithee carry thyſelf to her, for I know no other Whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more Puppey-hunting about my Doors, leſt I have you preſt into the Service, Sirrah.

Whiſp. By no means, Sir——Your humble Servant; I muſt watch whether he goes, or no, before I can tell my Maſter.

Sir *Jeal.* This Fellow has the officious Leer of a

Pimp; and I half ſuſpect a Deſign, but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, Charles's *Lodging.*

Enter Charles *and* Marplot.

Cha. Honeſt *Marplot*, I thank thee for this Supply; I expect my Lawyer with a Thouſand Pound I have order'd him to take up, and then you ſhall be repaid.

Marp. Pho, pho, no more of that; here comes Sir *George Airy*——

Enter Sir George.

Curſedly out of Humour at his Diſappointment; ſee how he looks! Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* Ah, *Charles*, I am ſo humbled in my Pretenſions to Plots upon Women, that I believe I ſhall never have Courage enough to attempt a Chamber-Maid again——I'll tell thee.

Cha. Ha, ha; I'll ſpare you the Relation, by telling you——Impatient to know your Buſineſs with my Father, when I ſaw you enter, I ſlipt back into the next Room, where I over-heard every Syllable.

Sir *Geo.* That I ſaid——But I'll be hang'd if you heard her Anſwer——But prithee tell me, *Charles*, is ſhe a Fool?

Cha. I ne'er ſuſpected her for one; but *Marplot* can inform you better, if you'll allow him a Judge.

Marp. A Fool! I'll juſtifie ſhe has more Wit than all the reſt of her Sex put together; why ſhe'll rally me till I han't one Word to ſay for myſelf.

Cha. A mighty Proof of her Wit truly——

Marp. There muſt be ſome Trick in't, Sir *George*; Egad I'll find it out if it coſt me the Sum you paid for't.

Sir *Geo.* Do and command me——

Marp. Enough, let me alone to trace a Secret.

Enter Whiſper, *and ſpeaks aſide to his Maſter.*

The Devil! *Whiſper* here again; that Fellow never ſpeaks out; is this the ſame, or a new Secret? Sir *George*, won't you aſk *Charles* what News *Whiſper* brings?

Sir *Geo.* Not I, Sir; I ſuppoſe it does not relate to me.

Marp. Lord, Lord, how little Curioſity ſome People

ple have! Now my chief Pleaſure lies in knowing every Body's Buſineſs.

Sir *Geo.* I fancy, *Charles*, thou haſt ſome Engagement upon thy Hands: I have a little Buſineſs too—*Marplot*, if it fall in your way to bring me any Intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the Thatch'd Houſe at Six———

Marp. You do me much Honour.

Cha. You gueſs right, Sir *George*, wiſh me Succeſs.

Sir *Geo.* Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Cha. Marplot, you muſt excuſe me——

Marp. Nay, nay, what need of any Excuſe amongſt Friends! I'll go with you,

Cha. Indeed you muſt not.

Marp. No; then I ſuppoſe 'tis a Duel, and I will go to ſecure ye.

Cha. Secure me? why, you won't fight?

Marp. What then! I can call the People to part ye.

Cha. Well, but it is no Duel, conſequently no Danger; therefore prithee be anſwer'd.

Marp. What is't a Miſtreſs then?—Mum—You know I can be ſilent upon Occaſion.

Cha. I wiſh you could be civil too; I tell you, you neither muſt nor ſhall go with me. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Marp. Why then—I muſt and will follow you. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III.

Enter Charles.

Cha. WELL, here's the Houſe, which holds the lovely Prize quiet and ſerene; here no noiſy Footmen throng to tell the World, that Beauty dwells within; no ceremonious Viſit makes the Lover wait; no Rival to give my Heart a Pang; who would not ſcale the Window at Midnight without Fear of the jealous Father's Piſtols, rather than fill up the Train

of a Coquet, where every Minute he is joſtled out of Place. [*Knocks ſoftly.*] Mrs. *Patch*, Mrs. *Patch*.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, are you come, Sir? all's ſafe.

Cha. So in, in then.

Enter Marplot.

Marp. There he goes: Who the Devil lives here? Except I can find out that, I am as far from knowing his Buſineſs as ever; Gad I'll watch, it may be a Bawdy-houſe, and he may have his Throat cut; if there ſhould be any Miſchief, I can make oath he went in. Well, *Charles*, in ſpight of your Endeavour to keep me out of the Secret, I may ſave your Life for aught I know: At that Corner I'll plant myſelf, there I ſhall ſee whoever goes in, or comes out. Gad, I love Diſcoveries. [*Exit.*

SCENE *draws.* Charles, Iſabinda, *and* Patch.

Iſab. Patch, look out ſharp; have a care of Dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

Iſab. Well, Sir, if I may judge your Love by your Courage, I ought to believe you ſincere; for you venture into the Lion's Den when you come to ſee me.

Cha. If you'd conſent while the furious Beaſt is abroad, I'd free you from the Reach of his Paws.

Iſab. That would be but to avoid one Danger by running into another; like the poor Wretches who fly the burning Ship, and meet their Fate in the Water. Come, come, *Charles*, I fear if I conſult my Reaſon, Confinement and Plenty is better than Liberty and Starving. I know you'd make the Frolick pleaſing for a little Time, by ſaying and doing a World of tender things; but when our ſmall Subſtance is once exhauſted, and a thouſand Requiſites for Life are wanting, Love, who rarely dwells with Poverty, would alſo fail us.

Cha. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my Heart has laid up a Stock will laſt for Life; to back which, I have taken a thouſand Pound upon my Uncle's Eſtate; that ſurely will ſupport us till one of our Fathers relent.

Iſab. There's no truſting to that, my Friend; I doubt your Father will carry his Humour to the Grave, and mine till he ſees me ſettled in *Spain*.

Cha.

Cha. And can ye then cruelly reſolve to ſtay till that curs'd *Don* arrives, and ſuffer that Youth, Beauty, Fire and Wit to be ſacrificed to the Arms of a dull *Spaniard*, to be immur'd and forbid the Sight of any thing that's Human?

Iſab. No, when it comes to the Extremity, and no Stratagem can relieve us, thou ſhalt liſt for a Soldier, and I'll carry thy Knapſack after thee.

Cha. Bravely reſolv'd; the World cannot be more ſavage than our Parents, and Fortune generally aſſiſts the Bold; therefore conſent now: Why ſhould we put it to a future Hazard? Who knows when we ſhall have another Opportunity?

Iſab. On you have your Ladder of Ropes, I ſuppoſe, and the Cloſet Window ſtands juſt where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in Characters, *Patch* will find a Way for our Aſſignations. Thus much of the *Spaniſh* Contrivance my Father's Severity has taught me; I thank him: Tho' I hate the Nation, I admire their Management in theſe Affairs.

Enter Patch.

Patch. Oh, Madam, I ſee my Maſter coming up the Street.

Cha. Oh the Devil, wou'd I had my Ladder now, I thought you had not expected him till Night; why, why, why, why, what ſhall I do, Madam?

Iſab. Oh! for Heaven's ſake! don't go that way, you'll meet him full in the Teeth: Oh unlucky Moment!———

Cha. Adſheart, can you ſhut me into no Cupboard, ram me into no Cheſt, hà?

Patch. Impoſſible, Sir, he ſearches every Hole in the Houſe.

Iſab. Undone for ever! if he ſees you, I ſhall never ſee you more.

Patch. I have thought on't: Run you to your Chamber, Madam, and Sir, come you along with me, I'm certain you may eaſily get down from the Balcony.

Cha. My Life, Adieu——Lead on, guide. (*Exit.*

Iſab. Heaven preſerve him. (*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Sir Jealous, *with* Marplot *behind him.*

Sir *Jeal.* I don't know what's the matter, but I have a ſtrong Suſpicion all is not right within; that Fellow's ſauntring about my Door, and his Tale of a Puppey had the Face of a Lye methought. By St. *Jago*, if I ſhould find a Man in my Houſe, I'd make Mince-meat of him ———

Marpl. Ah poor *Charles*——ha! Agad he is old—I fancy I might bully him, and make *Charles* have an Opinion of my Courage.

Sir *Jeal.* My own Key ſhall let me in; I'll give them no Warning. (*Feeling for his Key.*

Marpl. What's that you ſay, Sir?

(*Going up to Sir* Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* What's that you ſay, Sir?

(*Turns quick upon him.*

Marpl. Yes, 'tis to me, Sir; for the Gentleman you threaten is a very honeſt Gentleman. Look to't; for if he comes not as ſafe out of your Houſe as he went in, I have half a dozen *Mirmidons* hard by ſhall beat it about your Ears.

Sir *Jeal.* Went in? What is he in then? Ah! a Combination to undo me——I'll *Mirmidon* you, ye Dog you——Thieves, Thieves.

(*Beats* Marplot *all the while he cries Thieves.*

Marpl. Murder, Murder; I was not in your Houſe, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. What's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* The matter, Raſcals? Have you let a Man in to my Houſe? but I'll flea him alive; follow me, I'll not leave a Mouſehole unſearch'd; if I find him, by St. *Jago*, I'll equip him for the *Opera*.

Marpl. A Duce of his Cane, there's no truſting to Age——What ſhall I do to relieve *Charles*? Egad, I'll raiſe the Neighbourhood———Murder, Murder ———(Charles *drops down upon him from the Balcony*) *Charles*, faith I'm glad to ſee thee ſafe out with all my Heart.

Cha. A Pox of your Bawling: How the Devil came you here? *Marp.*

Marpl. Here, gad, I have done you a piece of Service; I told the old Thunderbolt, that the Gentleman that was gone in was———

Cha. Was it you that told him, Sir? (*Laying hold of him.*) 'Sdeath, I cou'd cruſh thee into Attoms.

(*Exit* Charles.

Marp. What? will you choak me for my Kindneſs? ———will my enquiring Soul never leave ſearching into other Peoples Affairs, till it gets ſqueez'd out of my Body? I dare not follow him now, for my Blood, he's in ſuch a Paſſion———I'll to *Miranda*; if I can diſcover aught that may oblige Sir *George*, it may be a means to reconcile me again to *Charles*.

Enter Sir Jealous *and* Servants.

Sir *Jeal.* Are you ſure you have ſearch'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the Top of the Houſe to the Bottom.

Sir *Jeal.* Under the Beds, and over the Beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too, but found no Body, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, what cou'd this Rogue mean?

Enter Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Patch. Take Courage, Madam, I ſaw him ſafe out. (*Aſide to* Iſab.

Iſab. Bleſs me! what's the matter, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* You know beſt———Pray where's the Man that was here juſt now?

Iſab. What Man, Sir? I ſaw none!

Patch. Nor I, by the Truſt you repoſe in me; do you think I wou'd let a Man come within theſe Doors, when you are abſent?

Sir *Jeal.* Ah *Patch*, ſhe may be too cunning for thy honeſty; the very Scout that he had ſet to give Warning, diſcover'd it to me——and threaten'd me with half a dozen *Mirmidons*———But I think I maul'd the Villain. Theſe Afflictions you draw upon me, Miſtreſs!

Iſab. Pardon me, Sir, 'tis your own ridiculous Humour draws you into theſe Vexations, and gives every Fool Pretence to banter you.

Sir *Jeal.* No, 'tis your idle Conduct, your coquettiſh

quettiſh Flurting in the Balcony——Oh with what Joy ſhall I reſign thee into the Arms of Don *Diego*. *Babinetto.*

Iſab. And with what Induſtry ſhall I avoid him! (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Certainly that Rogue had a Meſſage from ſome Body or other; but being baulk'd by my coming, popt that Sham upon me. Come along, ye Sots, let's ſee if we can find the Dog again. *Patch*, lock her up; d'ye hear? (Exit *with Servants.*

Patch. Yes, Sir——ay walk till your Heels ake, you'll find no Body, I promiſe you.

Iſab. Who cou'd that Scout be, which he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was *Whiſper.*

Iſab. Well, dear *Patch*, let's employ all our Thoughts how to eſcape this horrid Don *Diego*, my very Heart ſinks at his terrible Name.

Patch. Fear not, Madam, Don *Carlos* ſhall be the Man, or I'll loſe the Reputation of Contriving; and then what's a Chambermaid good for?

Iſab. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl: Then——

Let Dad be jealous, multiply his Cares,
While Love inſtructs me to avoid the Snares;
I'll, ſpight of all his Spaniſh *Caution, ſhow*
How much for Love a Britiſh *Maid can do.* (Exit.

SCENE *Sir* Francis Gripe's *Houſe.*

Sir Francis *and* Miranda *meeting.*

Miran. Well, *Guardee*, how did I perform my dumb Scene?

Sir *Fran.* To Admiration——Thou dear little Rogue, let me buſs thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargee*, ſo muzle, and tuzle, and hug thee; I will, I faith, I will. (*Hugging and kiſſing her.*

Miran. Nay, *Guardee*, don't be ſo lavish, who wou'd ride Poſt, when the Journey laſts for Life?

Sir *Fran.* Ah wag, ah wag——I'll buſs thee again for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he ſtinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I ſhould have!

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Oh! I'm tranſported! When, when, my Dear wilt thou convince the World of thy happy Day? When ſhall we be merry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Conſent, Sir *Francis.*

Sir *Fran.* My Conſent! What do's my Charmer mean?

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim: But I'll have every thing according to form——Therefore when you ſign an authentick Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Guardee.*

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, a Whim indeed! Why is it not Demonſtration I give my Leave when I marry thee?

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Guardee*; the malicious World will be apt to ſay, you trick'd me into Marriage, and ſo take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops ſee how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wiſdom.

Sir *Fran.* Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargee*, I'm not ſo old, as thou ſhalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye. (*Jumps.*

Miran. Oh never excuſe it, why I like you the better for being old——But I ſhall ſuſpect you don't love me, if you refuſe me this Formality.

Sir *Fran.* Not love thee, *Chargee!* Adod I do love thee better than, than, than, better than——what ſhall I ſay? Egad, better than Money, I faith I do—

Miran. That's falſe, I'm ſure (*Aſide.*) To prove it do this then.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Chargee*, provided I bring a Licenſe at the ſame time.

Miran. Ay and a Parſon too, if you pleaſe: Ha, ha, ha, I can't help laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortify'd when they hear of our Marriage.

Sir *Fran.* So they will, ſo they will: Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Well, I fancy I ſhall be ſo happy with my *Guardee!*

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold,

Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou ſhalt be ſo, my ſweeteſt, my lovely, my charming, my ——— verily I know not what to call thee.

Miran. You muſt know, *Guardee*, that I am ſo eager to have this Buſineſs concluded, that I have employ'd my Woman's Brother, who is a Lawyer in the *Temple*, to ſettle Matters juſt to your liking, you are to give your Conſent to my Marriage, which is to yourſelf you know: But Mum, you muſt take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your Leave, put my Writings into his Hands; then to Morrow we come ſlap upon them with a Wedding that no Body thought on; by which you ſeize me and my Eſtate, and I ſuppoſe make a Bonefire of your own Act and Deed.

Sir *Fran.* Nay but, *Chargee*, if ———

Miran. Nay *Guardee*, no Ifs ——— Have I refus'd three *Northern* Lords, two *Britiſh* Peers, and half a ſcore Knights, to have you put in your Ifs?

Sir *Fran.* So thou haſt indeed, and I will truſt to thy Management. Od, I'm all of a Fire.

Miran. 'Tis a wonder the dry Stubble does not blaze.

Enter Marplot.

Sir *Fran.* How now! who ſent for you, Sir? What's the hundred Pound gone already?

Marp. No, Sir, I don't want Money now.

Sir *Fran.* No; that's a Miracle! But there's one thing you want, I'm ſure.

Marp. Ay, what's that, Guardian?

Sir *Fran.* Manners: What, had I no Servants without?

Marp. None that cou'd do my Buſineſs, Guardian, which is at preſent with this Lady.

Miran. With me Mr. *Marplot!* what is it, I beſeech you?

Sir *Fran.* Ay, Sir, what is it? any thing that relates to her may be deliver'd to me.

Marp. I deny that.

Miran. That's more than I do, Sir.

Marp. Indeed, Madam; why then to proceed: Fame ſays that you and my moſt conſcionable *Guardian*

dian have deſign'd, contriv'd, plotted and agreed, to chouſe a very civil, honourable, honeſt Gentleman, out of a hundred Pouud.

Miran. That I contriv'd it!

Marp. Ay you——You ſaid never a word againſt it, ſo far you are guilty.

Sir *Fran.* Pray tell that civil, honourable, honeſt Gentleman, that if he has any more ſuch Sums to fool away, they ſhall be received like the laſt; Ha, ha, ha, chous'd, quotha! But hark ye, let him know at the ſame time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I ſhall recommend a Lawyer to him ſhall ſhew him a Trick for twice as much; D'ye hear? Tell him that.

Marp. So, and this is the way you uſe a Gentleman, and my Friend.

Miran. Is the Wretch thy Friend?

Marp. The Wretch! look ye, Madam, don't call Names; Egad I won't take it.

Miran. Why you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha.

Marp. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir *Fran.* Sir, I ſhall make a Servant ſhew you out at the Window, if you are ſaucy.

Marp. I am your moſt humble Servant, *Guardian*; I deſign to go out the ſame way I came in. I wou'd only aſk this Lady, if ſhe do's not think in her Soul Sir *George Airy* is not a fine Gentleman.

Miran. He dreſſes well,

Sir *Fran.* Which is chiefly owing to his Taylor, and *Valet de Chambre.*

Miran. And if you allow that a Proof of his being a fine Gentleman, he is ſo.

Marp. The judicious part of the World allow him Wit, Courage, Gallantry, and Management; tho' I think he forfeited that Character, when he flung away a hundred Pound upon your dumb Ladyſhip.

Sir *Fran.* Does that gaul him? ha, ha, ha.

Miran. So Sir *George*, remaining in deep diſcontent, has ſent you his truſty 'Squire to utter his Complaint: Ha, ha, ha.

Marp. Yes Madam; and you, like a cruel, hard-hearted

hearted Jew value it no more than I wou'd your Ladyſhip, were I Sir *George*, you, you, you ——

Miran. Oh, don't call Names. I know you love to be employ'd, and I'll oblige you, and you ſhall carry him a Meſſage from me.

Marp. According as I like it: What is it?

Miran. Nay a kind one you may be ſure —— Firſt tell him, I have choſe this Gentleman to have, and to hold, and ſoforth.

(*Clapping her Hand into Sir* Francis's.

Sir *Fran.* Oh the dear Rogue, how I dote on her! (*Aſide.*

Miran. And adviſe his Impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer Sir *Francis* for a Huſband before all the Fops in the Univerſe.

Marp. Oh Lord, O Lord! ſhe's bewitch'd, that's certain; here's a Huſband for Eighteen —— Here's a Shape —— Here's Bones a ratling in a Leathern Bag. [*Turning Sir* Francis *about.*] Here's Buckrum, and Canvaſs to ſcrub you to Repentance.

Sir *Fran.* Sirrah, my Cane ſhall teach you Repentance preſently.

Marp. No Faith, I have felt his Twin-Brother from ſuch a wither'd Hand too lately.

Miran. One Thing more; adviſe him to keep from the Garden Gate on the left Hand; for if he dare to ſaunter there, about the Hour of Eight, as he uſed to do, he ſhall be ſaluted with a Piſtol or Blunderbuſs.

Sir *Fran.* O monſtrous! why *Chargee*, did he uſe to come to the Garden Gate?

Miran. The Gardner deſcrib'd juſt ſuch another Man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain wou'd have brib'd him for his Entrance —— Tell him he ſhall find a warm Reception if he comes this Night.

Marp. Piſtols and Blunderbuſſes! Egad a warm Reception indeed; I ſhall take care to inform him of your kindneſs, and to adviſe him to keep farther off.

Miran. I hope he will underſtand my meaning better, than to follow your Advice. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Fran.* Thou haſt ſign'd, ſeal'd, and ta'en Poſſeſſion of my Heart for ever, *Chargee*. Ha, ha, ha; and for you, Mr. Sauce-Box, let me have no more of your

your Meſſages, if ever you deſign to inherit your Eſtate, Gentleman.

Marp. Why there 'tis now. Sure I ſhall be out of your Clutches one Day.——Well, *Guardian*, I ſay no more; but if you be not as errant a Cuckold, as e'er drove Bargain upon the Exchange, or paid Attendance to a Court, I am the Son of a Whet-Stone; and ſo your humble Servant. (*Exit.*

Miran. Don't forget the Meſſage; Ha, ha.

Sir *Fran.* I am ſo provok'd!—'tis well he's gone.

Miran. Oh mind him not, *Guardee*, but let's ſign Articles, and then——

Sir *Fran.* And then——Adod, I believe I am metamorphos'd; my Pulſe beats high, and my Blood boils, methinks—— (*Kiſſing and Hugging her.*

Miran. O fye, *Guardee*, be not ſo violent; conſider the Market laſts all the Year——Well I'll in and and ſee if the Lawyer be come, you'll follow. (*Exit.*

Sir *Fran.* Ay to the World's End, my Dear. Well, *Frank*, thou art a lucky Fellow in thy old Age, to have ſuch a delicate Morſel, and Thirty Thouſand Pound in Love with thee; I ſhall be the Envy of the Batchelors, the Glory of marry'd Men, and the Wonder of the Town. Some Guardians wou'd be glad to compound for part of the Eſtate, at diſpatching an Heireſs, but I engroſs the whole: *O! Mihi præteritos referat ſi Jupiter Annos.* (Exit.

SCENE *Changes to a Tavern; diſcovers Sir* George *and* Charles *with Wine before them*, Whiſper *waiting.*

Sir *Geo.* Nay, prithee don't be Grave, *Charles*; Misfortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis ſome Comfort to have a Companion in our Sufferings.

Cha. I am only apprehenſive for *Iſabinda*, her Father's Humour is implacable; and how far his Jealouſy may tranſport him to her Undoing, ſhocks my Soul to think.

Sir *Geo.* But ſince you eſcap'd undiſcover'd by him, his Rage will quickly laſh into a Calm, never fear it.

Cha. But who knows what that unlucky Dog, *Marplot*,

Marplot, told him; nor can I imagine what brought him thither; that Fellow is ever doing Miſchief; and yet, to give him his due, he never deſigns it. This is ſome blundering Adventure, wherein he thought to ſhew his Friendſhip, as he calls it; a Curſe on him.

Sir *Geo.* Then you muſt forgive him; what ſaid he?

Cha. Said! nay I had more mind to cut his Throat, than hear his Excuſes.

Sir *Geo.* Where is he?

Whiſp. Sir, I ſaw him go into Sir *Francis Gripe*'s juſt now.

Cha. Oh! then he's upon your Buſineſs, Sir *George*; a thouſand to one but he makes ſome miſtake there too.

Sir *Geo.* Impoſſible, without he huffs the Lady, and makes Love to Sir *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Marplot* is below, Gentlemen, and deſires to know if he may have Leave to wait upon ye.

Cha. How civil the Rogue is when he has done a Fault!

Sir *Geo.* Ho! Deſire him to walk up. Prithee, *Charles*, throw off this Chagreen, and be good Company.

Cha. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him. *Whiſper*, fetch me Pen, Ink and Paper.

Whiſp. Yes, Sir.

Enter Marplot.

Cha. Do but mark his ſleepiſh Look, Sir *George*.

Marp. Dear *Charles*, don't o'erwhelm a Man—already under inſupportable Affliction. I'm ſure I always intended to ſerve my Friends; but if my malicious Stars deny the Happineſs, is the Fault mine?

Sir *Geo.* Never mind him, Mr. *Marplot!* he is eat up with ſpleen. But tell me, what ſays *Miranda?*

Marp. Says——nay we are all undone there too.

Cha. I told you ſo; nothing proſpers that he undertakes.

Marp. Why can I help her having choſe your Father, for Better for Worſe?

Cha. So: There's another of Fortune's ſtrokes, I ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe I ſhall be edg'd out of my Eſtate with Twins every Year, let who will get 'em.

Sir *Geo.* What is the Woman really poſſeſt?

Marp. Yes, with the Spirit of Contradiction, ſhe rail'd at you moſt prodigiouſly.

Sir *Geo.* That's no ill Sign.

Enter Whiſper, *with Pen Ink and Paper.*

Marp. You'd ſay it was no good Sign, if you knew all.

Sir *Geo.* Why prithee?

Marp. Hark'e, Sir *George*, let me warn you, purſue your old Haunt no more, it may be dangerous.

(Charles *ſits down to write.*

Sir *Geo.* My old Haunt, what d'you mean!

Marp. Why in ſhort then, ſince you will have it, *Miranda* vows if you dare approach the Garden Gate at Eight a Clock, as you us'd, you ſhall be ſaluted with a Blunderbuſs, Sir. Theſe were her Words; nay, ſhe bid me tell you ſo too.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Garden-Gate at Eight, as I us'd to do! There muſt be a meaning in this. Is there ſuch a Gate, *Charles?*

Cha. Yes, yes; it opens into the Park, I ſuppoſe her Ladyſhip has made many a ſcamper through it.

Sir *Geo.* It muſt be an Aſſignation then. Ha, my Heart ſprings with Joy, 'tis a propitious Omen. My dear *Marplot*, let me embrace thee, thou art my Friend, my better Angel——

Marp. What do you mean, Sir *George?*

Sir *Geo.* No matter what I mean. Here take a Bumper to the Garden-Gate, ye dear Rogue you.

Marp. You have Reaſon to be tranſported, Sir *George*; I have ſav'd your Life.

Sir *Geo.* My Life! thou haſt ſav'd my Soul, Man. *Charles*, if thou doſt not pledge his Health, may'ſt thou never taſte the Joys of Love.

Cha. Whiſper, be ſure you take care how you deliver this *(gives him the Letter)* bring me the Anſwer to my Lodgings.

Whiſp. I warrant you, Sir.

Marp. Whither does that Letter go?——Now dare I not aſk for my Blood.

Cha.

Cha. Now I'm for you.

Sir *Geo.* To the Garden Gate at the Hour of Eight, *Charles*, along, Huzza!

Cha. I begin to conceive you.

Marp. That's more than I do, Egad —— to the Garden-Gate, Huzza, *(Drinks.)* But I hope you deſign to keep far enough off on't Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, ay, never fear that; ſhe ſhall ſee I deſpiſe her Frowns; let her uſe her Blunderbuſs againſt the next Fool, ſhe ſha'n't reach me with the Smoak, I warrant her, Ha, ha, ha.

Marp. Ah, *Charles*, if you cou'd receive a Diſappointment thus *En Cavalier*, one ſhou'd have ſome Comfort in being beat for you.

Cha. The Fool comprehends nothing.

Sir *Geo.* Nor wou'd I have him; prithee take him along with thee.

Cha. Enough: *Marplot*, you ſhall go home with me.

Marp. I'm glad I'm well with him however. Sir *George's* yours. Egad, *Charles*, aſking me to go home with him, gives me a ſhrewd Suſpicion there's more in the Garden Gate than I comprehend. Faith I'll give him the Drop, and away to *Guardian's*, and find it out.

Sir *Geo.* I kiſs both your Hands —— And now for the Garden Gate.

It's Beauty gives the Aſſignation there,
And Love too powerful grows t'admit of Fear. (Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE *the Outſide of Sir* Jealous Traffick's *Houſe*, Patch *peeping out of the Door.*

Enter Whiſper.

Whiſp. HA, Mrs. *Patch*, this is a lucky Minute, to find you ſo readily, my Maſter dies with Impatience.

Patch. My Lady imagin'd ſo, and by her Orders I have been ſcouting this Hour in ſearch of you, to inform

inform you that Sir *Jealous* has invited ſome Friends to Supper with him to Night, which gives an Opportunity to your Maſter to make uſe of his Ladder of Ropes: The Cloſet Window ſhall be open, and *Iſabinda* ready to receive him; bid him come immediately.

Waiſp. Excellent! He'll not diſappoint, I warrant him: But hold, I have a Letter here, which I'm to carry an Anſwer of. I can't think what Language the Direction is.

Patch. Pho, 'tis no Language, but a Character which the Lovers invented to avert Diſcovery. Ha, I hear my old Maſter coming down Stairs, it is impoſſible you ſhou'd have an Anſwer; away and bid him come himſelf for that——begone, we are ruin'd if you're ſeen, for he has doubled his Care ſince the laſt Accident.

Whiſp. I go, I go. (*Exit.*

Patch. There go thou into my Pocket. (*Puts it beſide, and it falls down.*) Now I'll up the Back-Stairs, leſt I meet him. Well, a dextrous Chamber-Maid is the Ladies beſt Utenſil, I ſay. (*Exit.*

Enter Sir Jealous *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Sir *Jeal.* So, this is the Comfort; this tells me that *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* is ſafely arriv'd; he ſhall marry my Daughter the Minute he comes, ha. What's here? (*Takes up the Letter* Patch *drop'd.*) A Letter! I don't know what to make of the Superſcription. I'll ſee what's within ſide, (*Opens it.*) humph; 'tis *Hebrew* I think. What can this mean? There muſt be ſome Tricks in it; this was certainly deſign'd for my Daughter, but I don't know that ſhe can ſpeak any Language but her Mother-Tongue. No matter for that, this may be one of Love's Hieroglyphicks, and I fancy I ſaw *Patch*'s Tail ſweep by. That Wench may be a Slut, and inſtead of guarding my Honour, betray it; I'll find it out I'm reſolv'd; who's there.

Enter Servant.

What Anſwer did you bring from the Gentlemen I ſent you to invite?

Serv. That they'd all wait of you, Sir, as I told you before; but I ſuppoſe you forgot, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* Did I ſo, Sir? but I ſhan't forget to break your Head, if any of them come, Sir.

Serv. Come, Sir! why did you not ſend me to deſire their company, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* But I ſend you now to deſire their Abſence; ſay I have ſomething extraordinary fallen out, which calls me abroad contrary to Expectation, and aſk their Pardon, and d'ye hear, ſend the Butler to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Butler.

Sir *Jeal.* If this Paper has a Meaning, I'll find it. Lay the Cloth in my Daughter's Chamber, and bid the Cook ſend Supper thither preſently.

But. Yes, Sir——— Hey day, what's the matter now? [*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* He wants the Eyes of *Argus*, that has a young handſome Daughter in this Town; but my Comfort is, I ſhall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a Girl once in her Teens, had better be at Sea in a Storm, and wou'd be in leſs Danger;

For let him do, and counſel all he can,
She thinks and dreams of nothing elſe but Man.

[Exit.

SCENE, Iſabinda's *Chamber.* Iſabinda *and* Patch.

Iſab. Are you ſure no Body ſaw you ſpeak to *Whiſper*?

Patch. Yes, very ſure, Madam; but I heard Sir *Jealous* coming down Stairs, ſo I clapt this Letter into my Pocket. [*Feels for the Letter.*

Iſab. A Letter! give me it quickly.

Patch. Bleſs me! what's become on't——I'm ſure I put it——— [*Searching ſtill.*

Iſab. Is it poſſible thou cou'dſt be ſo careleſs?——— Oh! I am undone for ever if it be loſt.

Patch. I muſt have dropp'd it upon the Stairs. But why are you ſo much alarm'd? If the worſt happens, no Body can read it, Madam, nor find out whom it was deſign'd for.

Iſab. If it falls into my Father's Hands, the very Figure of a Letter will produce ill Conſequences. Run and look for it upon the Stairs this Moment.

Patch.

Patch. Nay, I'm ſure it can be no where elſe—— [*As ſhe's going out of the Door ſhe meets the Butler.*] How now, what do you want?

Butl. My Maſter order'd me to lay the Cloth here for his Supper.

Iſab. Ruin'd! paſt Redemption——— (*Aſide.*

Patch. You miſtake ſure; what ſhall we do?

Iſab. I thought he expected Company to Night—— Oh! poor *Charles*——— Oh! unfortunate *Iſabinda.*

Butl. I thought ſo too, Madam, but I ſuppoſe he has alter'd his Mind. (*Lays the Cloth and* Exit.

Iſab. The Letter is the Cauſe; this heedleſs Action has undone me: Fly and faſten the Cloſet Window, which will give *Charles* Notice to retire——Ha, my Father, Oh! Confuſion.

Enter Sir Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* Hold, hold, *Patch*, whither are you going? I'll have no Body ſtir out of the Room till after Supper.

Patch. Sir, I was only going to reach your Eaſie Chair——Oh! wretched Accident!

Sir *Jeal.* I'll have no Body ſtir out of the Room. I don't want my Eaſy Chair.

Iſab. What will be the Event of this. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Heark ye, Daughter; Do you know this Hand?

Iſab. As I ſuſpected——Hand do you call it, Sir? 'Tis ſome School-Boy's Scraul.

Patch. Oh! Invention, thou Chamber-maid's beſt Friend, aſſiſt me.

Sir *Jeal.* Are you ſure you don't underſtand it? [Patch *feels in her Boſom and ſhakes her Cloaths.*]

Iſab. Do you underſtand it, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* I wiſh I did.

Iſab. Thank Heaven you do not. [*Aſide.*] Then I know no more of it than you do indeed, Sir.

Patch O Lord, O Lord, what have you done, Sir? Why the Paper is mine, I dropt it out of my Boſom. (*Snatching it from him.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hah! yours, Miſtreſs.

Iſab. What does ſhe mean by owning it? (*Aſide.*

Patch. Yes, Sir, it is.

Sir

Sir *Jeal.* What is it? ſpeak.

Patch. Why, Sir, it is a Charm for the Tooth-ach. —— I have worn it this ſeven Years; 'twas given me by an Angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the Pain; for no body knew from whence he came, nor whither he went: He charg'd me never to open it, leſt ſome dire Vengeance befal me, and Heaven knows what will be the Event. Oh! cruel Misfortune that I ſhould drop it, and you ſhould open it —— if you had not open'd it ——

Iſab. Excellent Wench. *(Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Pox of your Charms and Whims for me; if that be all, 'tis well enough; there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no Vengeance will follow.

Patch. So all's right thus far. *(Aſide.*

Iſab. I would not loſe *Patch* for the World — I'll take Courage a little. *(Aſide.)* Is this Uſage for your Daughter, Sir? Muſt my Virtue and Conduct be ſuſpected for every Trifle? You immure me like ſome dire Offender here, and deny me all Recreations which my Sex enjoy, and the Cuſtom of the Country and Modeſty allow; yet not content with that, you make my Confinement more intolerable by your Miſtruſts and Jealouſies; wou'd I were dead, ſo I were free from this. *(Weeps.*

Sir *Jeal.* To morrow rids you of this tireſome Load —— *Don Diego Babinetto* will be here, and then my Care ends, and his begins.

Iſab. Is he come then? O how ſhall I avoid this hated Marriage?

Enter Servants with Supper.

Sir *Jeal.* Come, will you ſit down?

Iſab. I can't eat, Sir.

Patch. No, I dare ſwear he has given her Supper enough. [I wiſh I cou'd get into the Cloſet — *(Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Well, if you can't eat, then give me a Song whilſt I do.

Iſab. I have ſuch a Cold I can ſcarce ſpeak, Sir, much leſs ſing. How ſhall I prevent *Charles* coming in? *(Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* I hope you have the Uſe of your Fingers, Madam. Play a Tune upon your Spinnet, whilſt your Woman ſings me a Song. *Patch.*

Patch. I'm as much out of Tune as my Lady, if he knew all. ——— *(Aſide.*

Iſab. I ſhall make excellent Muſick.

(Sits down to play.

Patch. Really, Sir, I am ſo frighted about your opening this Charm, that I can't remember one Song.

Sir *Jeal.* Piſh, hang your Charm; come, come, ſing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to ſing truly. *(Aſide.)* Humph, humph, bleſs me, Sir, I cannot raiſe my Voice, my Heart pants ſo.

Sir *Jeal.* Why, what does your Heart pant ſo that you can't play neither? Pray what Key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, wou'd the Key was turn'd of you once. *(Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Why don't you ſing, I ſay?

Patch. When Madam has put her Spinnet in Tune, Sir; humph, humph——

Iſab. I cannot play, Sir, whatever ails me.

(Riſing

Sir *Jeal.* Zounds ſit down, and play me a Tune, or I'll break the Spinnet about your Ears.

Iſab. What will become of me?

(Sits down and plays.

Sir *Jeal.* Come Miſtreſs. *(To* Patch.

Patch. Yes, Sir. *(Sings, but horridly out of Tune.*

Sir *Jeal.* Hey, hey, why you are the Top of the Houſe, and you are down in the Cellar. What is the meaning of this? Is it on purpoſe to croſs me, ha?

Patch. Pray, Madam, take it a little lower, I cannot reach that Note——nor any Note I fear.

Iſab. Well, begin———Oh! *Patch*, we ſhall be diſcover'd.

Patch. I ſink with the Apprehenſion, Madam —— humph, humph—— *(Sings.)*

*(*Charles *pulls open the Cloſet Door.*

Cha. Muſick and Singing.

'Tis thus the bright Cæleſtial Court above
Beguiles the Hours with Muſick and with Love.

Death! her Father there. *(The Women ſhriek.)* Then I muſt fly———(Exit *into the Cloſet.* *Sir* Jealous *riſes up haſtily, ſeeing* Charles *ſlip back into the Cloſet.)*

Sir *Jeal.* Hell and Furies, a Man in the Coſet! —

Patch. Ah! a Ghoſt, a Ghoſt——he muſt not enter the Cloſet. (Iſabinda *throws herſelf down before the Cloſet Door, as in a Sound.*

Sir *Jeal.* The Devil! I'll make a Ghoſt of him, I warrant you. (*Strives to get by.*

Patch. Oh hold, Sir, have a Care, you'll tread upon my Lady ——— who waits there? Bring ſome Water: Oh! this comes of your opening the Charm: Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Sir *Jeal.* I'll charm you, Huſwife, here lies the Charm that conjur'd this Fellow in, I'm ſure on't. Come out you Raſcal, do ſo; Zounds take her from the Door, or I'll ſpurn her from it, and break your Neck down Stairs.

Iſab. Oh, oh, where am I——He's gone, I heard him leap down. (*Aſide to* Patch.

Patch. Nay, then let him enter——Here, here, Madam, ſmell to this; come give me your Hand; come nearer to the Window, the Air will do you good.

Sir *Jeal.* I wou'd ſhe were in her Grave. Where are you, Sirrah? Villain, Robber of my Houſe! I'll pull you out of your Neſt. (*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Patch. You'll be miſtaken, old Gentleman, the Bird is flown.

Iſab. I'm glad I have eſcap'd ſo well. I was almoſt dead in earneſt with the Fright.

Re-enter Sir Jealous *out of the Cloſet.*

Sir *Jeal.* Whoever the Dog was, he has eſcap'd out of the Window, for the Saſh is up. But tho' he is got out of my Reach, you are not: And firſt Mrs. *Pandor*, with your Charms for the Tooth-ach, get out of my Houſe, go, troop; yet hold, ſtay, I'll ſee you out of my Doors myſelf, but I'll ſecure your Charge e'er I go.

Iſab. What do you mean, Sir? Was ſhe not a Creature of your own providing?

Sir *Jeal.* She was of the Devil's providing for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, Sir, to merit your Diſpleaſure?

Sir *Jeal.* I don't know which of you have done it; but

but you ſhall both ſuffer for it, till I can diſcover whoſe Guilt it is: Go, get in there, I'll move you from this Side of the Houſe. (*Puſhes* Iſabinda *in at the Door, and locks it; puts the Key in his Pocket.*) I'll keep the Key myſelf: I'll try what Ghoſt will get into that Room. And now forſooth I'll wait on you down Stairs.

Patch. Ah, my poor Lady—Down Stairs, Sir, but I won't go out, Sir, till I have lock'd up my Cloaths.

Sir *Jeal.* If thou wer't as naked as thou wer't born, thou ſhoud'ſt not ſtay to put on a Smock. Come along I ſay; when your Miſtreſs is marry'd you ſhall have your Rags, and every thing that belongs to you; but till then ——. (Exit *pulling her out.*

Patch. Oh! barbarous Uſage for nothing.

Re-enter at the lower End.

Sir *Jeal.* There, go, and come no more within ſight of my Habitation theſe three Days, I charge you. (*Slaps the Door after her.*

Patch. Did ever any Body ſee ſuch an old Monſter!

Enter Charles.

Patch. Oh! Mr. *Charles*, your Affairs and mine are in an ill Poſture.

Cha. I am inur'd to the Frowns of Fortune: But what has befal'n thee?

Patch. Sir *Jealous*, whoſe ſuſpicious Nature's always on the watch; nay, even whilſt one Eye ſleeps, the other keeps Centinel; upon ſight of you, flew into ſuch a violent Paſſion, that I cou'd find no Stratagem to appeaſe him, but in ſpight of all Arguments lock'd his Daughter into his own Apartment, and turn'd me out of Doors.

Cha. Ha! oh, *Iſabinda.*

Patch. And ſwears ſhe ſhall neither ſee Sun or Moon, till ſhe is *Don Diego Babinetto*'s Wife, who arrived laſt Night, and is expected with Impatience.

Cha. He dies; yes, by all the Wrongs of Love he ſhall; here will I plant myſelf, and thro' my Breaſt he ſhall make his Paſſage, if he enters.

Patch. A moſt heroick Reſolution. There might be Ways found out more to your Advantage. Policy is often preferr'd to open Force.

Cha. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of perſonating this *Spaniard*, impoſing upon the Father, and marrying your Miſtreſs with his own Conſent.

Cha. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Angel! Oh cou'd that be done, my Life to come wou'd be too ſhort to recompence thee; But how can I do that, when I neither know what Ship he came in, nor from what Part of *Spain*; who recommends him, nor how attended?

Patch. I can ſolve all this. He is from *Madrid*, his Father's Name *Don Pedro Queſto Portento Babientto*. Here's a Letter of his to Sir *Jealous*, which he dropt one day; you underſtand *Spaniſh*, and the Hand may be counterfeited: You conceive me, Sir.

Cha. My better Genius, thou haſt revived my drooping Soul: I'll about it inſtantly. Come to my Lodgings, and we'll concert Matters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Garden Gate open*, Scentwell *waiting without.*

Enter Sir George Airy.

Sir *Geo.* So, this is the Gate, and moſt invitingly open: If there ſhou'd be a Blunderbuſs here now, what a dreadful Ditty wou'd my Fall make for Fools; and what a Jeſt for the Wits; how my Name wou'd be roar'd about the Streets! Well, I'll venture all.

Scentw. Hiſt, hiſt, Sir *George Airy*—— [*Enters.*

Sir *Geo.* A female Voice, thus far I'm ſafe, my Dear.

Scentw. No, I'm not your Dear, but I'll conduct you to her, give me your Hand; you muſt go thro' many a dark Paſſage and dirty Step before you arrive—

Sir *Geo.* I know I muſt before I arrive at Paradiſe; therefore be quick, my charming Guide.

Scentw. For aught you know: come, come, your Hand and away.

Sir *Geo.* Here, here, Child, you can't be half ſo ſwift as my Deſires. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Houſe.*

Enter Miranda.

Miran. Well, let me reaſon a little with my mad ſelf. Now don't I tranſgreſs all Rules, to venture upon a Man without the Advice of the Grave and Wiſe; but then a rigid knaviſh Guardian who wou'd have marry'd me!

me! to whom? Even to his nauſeous ſelf, or no Body. Sir *George* is one I have try'd in Converſation, inquir'd into his Character, am ſatisfy'd in both. Then his Love! Who wou'd have given a Hundred Pound only to have ſeen a Woman he had not infinitely lov'd? So I find my liking him has furniſh'd me with Arguments enough of his Side; and now the only doubt remains whether he will come or no.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. That's reſolv'd, Madam, for here's the Knight. (*Exit* Scentwell.

Sir *Geo.* And do I once more behold that lovely Object, whoſe Idea fills my Mind, and forms my pleaſing Dreams!

Miran. What, beginning again in Heroicks! —— Sir *George*, don't you remember how little Fruit your laſt prodigal Oration produc'd? not one bare ſingle Word in anſwer.

Sir *Geo.* Ha! the Voice of my *Incognita* —— Why did you take ten thouſand Ways to captivate a Heart your Eyes alone had vanquiſh'd?

Miran. Prithee no more of theſe Flights; for your Time's but ſhort, and we muſt fall into Buſineſs: Do you think we can agree on that ſame terrible Bugbear *Matrimony*, without heartily repenting on both Sides?

Sir *Geo.* It has been my Wiſh ſince firſt my longing Eyes beheld you.

Miran. And your happy Ears drank the pleaſing News, I had Thirty Thouſand Pound.

Sir *Geo.* Unkind! Did I not offer you in thoſe purchas'd Minutes to run the riſk of your Fortune, ſo you wou'd but ſecure that lovely Perſon to my Arms.

Miran. Well, if you have ſuch Love and Tenderneſs, (ſince our Wooing has been ſhort) pray reſerve our future Days to let the World ſee we are Lovers after Wedlock; 'twill be a Novelty——

Sir *Geo.* Haſte then, let us tie the Knot, and prove the envy'd Pair——

Miran. Hold! not ſo faſt; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous Experiments head-long-- My Guardian, truſting to my diſſembl'ng Love, has given up my Fortune to my own diſpoſe; but with

this Proviſo, that he To morrow Morning weds me. He is now gone to *Doctors Commons* for a Licenſe.

Sir *Geo.* Ha, a Licenſe!

Miran. But I have planted Emiſſaries that infallibly take him down to *Epſom*, under Pretence that a Brother Uſurer of his is to make him his Executor: the Thing on Earth he covets.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis his known Character.

Miran. Now my Inſtruments confirm him this Man is dying, and he ſends me Word he goes this Minute; it muſt be To morrow e'er he can be undeceiv'd. That Time is ours.

Sir *Geo.* Let us improve it then, and ſettle on our coming Years, endleſs, endleſs Happineſs.

Miran. I dare not ſtir till I hear he's on the Road —then I and my Writings, the moſt material Point, are ſoon remov'd.

Sir *Geo.* I have one Favour to aſk, if it lies in your Power, you wou'd be a Friend to poor *Charles*, tho' the Son of this tenacious Man: He is as free from all his Vices, as Nature and a good Education can make him; and what now I have Vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the Man on Earth I love.

Miran. I never was his Enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my Deſigns on his Father. If his Uncle's Eſtate ought to be in his Poſſeſſion, which I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, I may do him a ſingular Piece of Service.

Sir *Geo.* You are all Goodneſs.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. Oh, Madam, my Maſter and Mr. *Marplot* are juſt coming into the Houſe.

Miran. Undone, undone! if he finds you here in this Criſis, all my Plots are unravell'd.

Sir *Geo.* What ſhall I do! can't I get back into the Garden?

Scentw. Oh, no! he comes up thoſe Stairs.

Miran. Here, here, here! can you condeſcend to ſtand behind this Chimney Board, Sir *George!*

Sir *Geo.* Any where, any where, dear Madam, without Ceremony.

Scentw. Come, come, Sir; lie cloſe——

(They put him behind the Chimney-Board.

Enter

Enter Sir Francis *and* Marplot: *Sir* Francis *peeling an Orange.*

Sir *Fran.* I cou'd not go, tho' it is upon Life and Death, without taking Leave of dear *Chargee.* Beſides, this Fellow buz'd in my Ears, that thou mighteſt be ſo deſperate to ſhoot that wild Rake which haunts the Garden Gate; and that wou'd bring us into Trouble, Dear——

Miran. So *Marplot* brought you back then; I'm oblig'd to him for that, I'm ſure. [*Frowning at* Marplot *aſide.*

Marpl. By her Looks ſhe means ſhe is not oblig'd to me. I have done ſome Miſchief now, but what I can't imagine.

Sir *Fran.* Well, *Chargee*, I have had three Meſſengers to come to *Epſom* to my Neighbour *Squeezum*'s, who for all his vaſt Riches is departing. (*Sighs.*

Marpl. Ay, ſee what all you Uſurers muſt come to.

Sir *Fran.* Peace, ye young Knave! Some Forty Years hence I may think on it——But, *Chargee*, I'll be with thee To-morrow, before thoſe pretty Eyes are open; I will, I will, *Chargee*, I'll rouze you, I faith——Here, Mrs. *Scentwell*, lift up your Lady's Chimney-Board, that I may throw my Peel in, and not litter her Chamber.

Miran. Oh my Stars! what will become of us now.

Scentw. Oh, pray Sir, give it me; I love it above all Things in Nature, indeed I do.

Sir *Fran.* No, no, Huſſy; you have the Green-Pip already, I'll have no more Apothecary's Bills. (*Goes towards the Chimney.*

Miran. Hold, hold, hold, dear *Guardee*, I have a, a, a, a Monkey ſhut up there; and if you open it before the Man comes that is to tame it, 'tis ſo wild 'twill break all my *China*, or get away, and that wou'd break my Heart; for I am fond on't to Diſtraction, next thee, dear *Guardee.* (*In a flattering Tone.*

Sir *Fran.* Well, well, *Chargee*, I won't open it; ſhe ſhall have her Monkey, poor Rogue: here throw this Peel out of the Window. [*Exit* Scentwell.

Marp. A Monkey, dear Madam, let me ſee it; I can tame a Monkey as well as the beſt of them all. Oh, how I love the little Miniatures of Man!

Miran. Be quiet, Miſchief and ſtand farther from the Chimney——You ſhall not ſee my Monkey——— why ſure——— [*Striving with him.*

Marp. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, let me but peep, to ſee if it be as pritty as my Lady *Fiddle-Faddle*'s, Has it got a Chain?

Miran. Not yet, but I deſign it one ſhall laſt its Life-time: Nay, you ſhall not ſee it——Look, *Guardee*, how he teizes me!

Sir *Fran.* [*Getting between him and the Chimney.*] Sirrah, Sirrah, let my *Chargee*'s Monkey alone, or *Bambo* ſhall fly about your Ears. What, is there no dealing with you?

Marp. Pugh, pox of the Monkey; here's a Rout: I wiſh he may rival you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, they put two more Horſes in the Coach, as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the Door.

Sir *Fran.* Well, I am going to be Executor, better for thee, Jewel. B'ye, *Chargee*; one Buſs! ——I'm glad thou haſt got a Monkey to divert thee a little.

Miran. Thank'e, dear *Guardee*———Nay, I'll ſee you to the Coach.

Sir *Fran.* That's kind, Adod.

Miran. Come along, Impertinence. [*To* Marplot.

Marp. [*Stepping back.*] Egad I will ſee the Monkey now. [*Lifts up the Board, and diſcovers Sir* George.] Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Thieves, Thieves, Robbers!

Sir *Geo.* Dam'e, you unlucky Dog; 'tis I, which way ſhall I get out? ſhew me inſtantly, or I'll cut your Throat.

Marp. Undone, undone! At that Door there. But hold, hold, break that *China*, and I'll bring you off. [*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down ſome* China.

Re-enter Sir Francis, Miranda, *and* Scentwell.

Sir *Fran.* Mercy on me! what's the matter?

Miran. Oh you Toad! what have you done?

Marp. No great harm, I beg of you to forgive me: Longing to ſee the Monkey, I did but juſt raiſe up the Board, and it flew over my Shoulders, ſcratch'd all my Face, broke yon *China*, and whiſk'd out of the Window.

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Was ever ſuch an unlucky Rogue! Sirrah, I forbid you my Houſe. Call the Servants to get the Monkey again; I wou'd ſtay myſelf to look it, but that you know my earneſt Buſineſs.

Scentw. Oh my Lady will be the beſt to lure it back; all them Creatures love my Lady extremely.

Miran. Go, do, dear *Guardee*; I hope I ſhall recover it.

Sir *Fran.* B'ye, b'ye, Dear'e. Ah, Miſchief, how you look now! B'ye, b'ye. [*Exit.*

Miran. Scentwell, ſee him in the Coach, and bring me Word. *Scentw.* Yes, Madam.

Miran. So, Sir, you have done your Friend a ſignal Piece of Service, I ſuppoſe.

Marp. Why, look you, Madam! if I have committed a Fault, thank yourſelf; no Man is more ſerviceable when I am let into a Secret, nor none more unlucky at finding it out. Who cou'd divine your Meaning, when you talk'd of a Blunderbuſs? who thought of a Rendezvous? and when you talk'd of a Monkey, who the Devil thought of Sir *George?*

Miran. A Sign you converſe but little with our Sex, when you cannot reconcile Contradictions.

Enter Scentwell.

Scentw. He's gone, Madam, as faſt as the Coach and Six can carry him.

Enter Sir George.

Sir *Geo.* Then I may appear.

Marp. Dear Sir *George*, make my Peace! On my Soul, I did not think of you.

Sir *Geo.* I dare ſwear thou did'ſt not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Miran. Well, Sir *George*, if he can be ſecret.

Marp. Ods heart, Madam, I'm as ſecret as a Prieſt when I'm truſted.

Sir *Geo.* Why, 'tis with a Prieſt our Buſineſs is at preſent.

Scentw. Madam, here's Mrs. *Iſabinda*'s Woman to wait on you.

Miran. Bring her up.

Enter Patch.

How do'e, Mrs. *Patch?* what News from your Lady?

Patch. That's for your private Ear, Madam. Sir *George*, there's a Friend of yours has an urgent Occaſion for your Aſſiſtance.

Sir *Geo.* His Name?

Patch. Charles.

Marp. Ha! then there is ſomething a foot that I know nothing of. I'll wait on you, Sir *George*.

Sir *Geo.* A third Perſon may not be proper perhaps; as ſoon as I have diſpatched my own Affairs, I am at his Service. I'll ſend my Servant to tell him, I'll wait upon him in half an Hour.

Miran. How come you employ'd in this Meſſage, Mrs. *Patch*?

Patch. Want of Buſineſs, Madam; I am diſcharg'd by my Maſter, but hope to ſerve my Lady ſtill.

Miran. How! diſcharg'd! you muſt tell me the whole Story within.

Patch. With all my Heart, Madam.

Marp. Piſh! Pox! I wiſh I were fairly out of the Houſe. I find Marriage is the End of this Secret: And now I am half mad to know what *Charles* wants him for. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Madam, I'm doubly preſs'd, by Love and Friendſhip: This Exigence admits of no Delay. Shall we make *Marplot* of the Party?

Miran. If you'll run the Hazard, Sir *George*; I believe he means well.

Marp. Nay, nay, for my part, I deſire to be let into nothing: I'll be gone, therefore pray don't miſtruſt me. (*Going.*

Sir *Geo.* So now has he a mind to be gone to *Charles*: But not knowing what Affairs he may have upon his Hands at preſent, I'm reſolv'd he ſhan't ſtir: No, Mr. *Marplot*, you muſt not leave us, we want a third Perſon. [*Takes hold of him.*

Marp. I never had more mind to be gone in my Life.

Miran. Come along then; if we fail in the Voyage, thank yourſelf for taking this ill-ſtarr'd Gentleman on Board.

Sir *Geo.* *That Veſſel ne'er can unſucceſsful prove,*
Whoſe Freight is Beauty, and whoſe Pilot Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Miranda, Patch, *and* Scentwell.

Miran. WELL, *Patch*, I have done a ſtrange bold thing; my Fate is determin'd, and Expectation is no more. Now to avoid the Impertinence and Roguery of an old Man, I have thrown myſelf into the Extravagance of a young one; if he ſhould deſpiſe, ſlight, or uſe me ill, there's no Remedy from a Huſband but the Grave; and that's a terrible Sanctuary to one of my Age and Conſtitution.

Patch. O fear not, Madam, you'll find your Account in Sir *George Airy*; it is impoſſible a Man of Senſe ſhould uſe a Woman ill, indued with Beauty, Wit and Fortune. It muſt be the Lady's Fault, if ſhe does not wear the unfaſhionable Name of Wife eaſy, when nothing but Complaiſance and good Humour is requiſite on either Side to make them happy.

Miran. I long till I am out of this Houſe, leſt any Accident ſhould bring my Guardian back. *Scentwell*, put my beſt Jewels into the little Caſket, ſlip them into thy Pocket, and let us march off to Sir *Jealous*'s.

Scentw. It ſhall be done, Madam. [*Exit* Scentw.

Patch. Sir *George* will be impatient, Madam; if their Plot ſucceeds, we ſhall be well receiv'd; if not, he will be able to protect us. Beſides, I long to know how my young Lady fares.

Miran. Farewel, old *Mammon*, and thy deteſted Walls; 'twill be no more ſweet Sir *Francis*, I ſhall be compell'd to the odious Taſk of diſſembling no longer to get my own, and coax him with the wheedling Names of my *Precious*, my *Dear*, dear *Guardee*. O Heavens!

Enter Sir Francis *behind.*

Sir *Fran.* Ah, my ſweet *Chargee*, don't be frighted. [*She ſtarts.*] But thy poor *Guardee* has been abus'd, cheated, fool'd, betray'd. but no body knows by whom.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] Undone paſt Redemption.

Sir *Fran.* What, won't you ſpeak to me, *Chargee?*

Miran. I'm ſo ſurpriz'd with Joy to ſee you, I know not what to ſay.

Sir *Fran.* Poor, dear Girl! But do'e know that my Son,

Son, or ſome ſuch Rogue, to rob or murder me, or both, contriv'd this Journey? For upon the Road I met my Neighbour *Squeezum* well, and coming to Town.

Miran. Good lack, good lack! what Tricks are there in this World!

Enter Scentwell, *with a Diamond Necklace in her Hand; not ſeeing Sir* Francis.

Scentw. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this Necklace on, for I can't get it into the —— [*Seeing Sir* Fran.

Miran. The Wench is a Fool, I think! cou'd you not have carried it to be mended, without putting it in the Box?

Sir *Fran.* What's the matter?

Miran. Only, Dear'e, I bid her, I bid her—— Your ill Uſage has put every thing out of my Head. But won't you go, *Guardee*, and find out theſe Fellows, and have them puniſh'd! and, and ——

Sir *Fran.* Where ſhou'd I look them, Child? No, I'll ſit me down contented with my Safety, nor ſtir out of my own Doors, till I go with thee to a Parſon.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] If he goes into his Cloſet, I am ruin'd. Oh! bleſs me, in this Fright I had forgot Mrs. *Patch.*

Patch. Ay, Madam, and I ſtay for your ſpeedy Anſwer.

Miran. [*Aſide.*] I muſt get him out of the Houſe. Now aſſiſt me, Fortune.

Sir *Fran.* Mrs. *Patch*, I profeſs I did not ſee you; how doſt thou do, Mrs. *Patch?* Well, don't you repent leaving my *Chargee?*

Patch. Yes, every body muſt love her —— but I came now —— Madam, what did I come for? my Invention is at the loweſt Ebb. [*Aſide to* Miranda.

Sir *Fran.* Nay, never whiſper, tell me.

Miran. She came, dear *Guardee*, to invite me to her Lady's Wedding, and you ſhall go with me, *Guardee*, 'tis to be done this Moment, to a *Spaniſh* Merchant; Old Sir *Jealous* keeps on his Humour, the firſt Minute he ſees her, the next he marries her.

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, I'd go if I thought the Sight of Matrimony would tempt *Chargee* to perform her Promiſe: There was a Smile, there was a conſenting Look with thoſe pretty Twinklers, worth a Million.

Ods

Ods precious, I am happier than the Great *Mogul*, the Emperor of *China*, or all the Potentates that are not in Wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my Skin.

Miran. When one has reſolv'd 'tis in vain to ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I; if ever I marry, poſitively this is my Wedding-Day.

Sir *Fran.* Oh! happy, happy Man——Verily I will beget a Son, the firſt Night, ſhall diſinherit that Dog *Charles*. I have Eſtate enough to purchaſe a Barony, and be the immortalizing the whole Family of the *Gripes*.

Miran. Come then, *Guardee*, give me thy Hand, let's to this Houſe of *Hymen*.

My choice is fix'd let good or ill betide,

Sir *Fran. The joyful Bridegroom I,*

Miran. And I the happy Bride.

Enter Sir Jealous *meeting a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of Gentlemen enquire for you; one of them calls himſelf *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto.*

Sir. *Jeal.* Ha! *Seignior Babinetto!* Admit 'em inſtantly——Joyful Minute, I'll have my Daughter marry'd to Night.

Enter Charles *in* Spaniſh *Habit, with Sir* George *dreſt like a Merchant.*

Sir *Jeal. Senior, beſo Las Manos vueſtra merced es muy bien venido en eſta tierra.*

Char. *Senhor, ſoy muy humilde, y muy obligado Cryado de vueſtra merced: Mi Padre embia a vueſtra merced, los mas profondos de ſus reſpetos; y a Commiſſionado eſte Mercadel Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me Haze el mas dichoſo hombre del mundo, Haziendo me ſu yerno.*

Sir *Jeal.* I am glad on't, for I find I have loſt much of my *Spaniſh*. Sir, I am your moſt humble Servant. *Seignior Don Diego Babinetto* has informed me that you are commiſſion'd by *Seignior Don Pedro*, &c. his worthy Father.

Sir *Geo.* To ſee an Affair of Marriage conſummated between a Daughter of yours, and *Seignior Diego Babinetto* his Son here. True, Sir, ſuch a Truſt is repos'd

in

in me, as that Letter will inform you. I hope 'twill paſs upon him. (*Aſide.*) *Gives him a Letter.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, 'tis his Hand. (*Seems to read.*

Sir *Geo.* Good —— you have counterfeited to a Nicety, *Charles.* (*Aſide to* Charles.

Cha. If the whole Plot ſucceeds as well, I'm happy.

Sir *Jeal.* Sir, I find by this, that you are a Man of Honour and Probity; I think Sir he calls you *Meanwell.*

Sir *Geo.* *Meanwell* is my Name, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* A very good Name, and very ſignificant.

Cha. Yes faith if he knew all. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* For to Mean-well is to be honeſt, and to be honeſt is the Virtue of a Friend, and a Friend is the Delight and Support of human Society.

Sir *Geo.* You ſhall find that I'll diſcharge the part of a Friend in what I have undertaken, Sir *Jealous.*

Cha. But little does he think to whom. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Therefore, Sir, I muſt intreat the Preſence of your fair Daughter, and the Aſſiſtance of your Chaplain; for *Seignior Don Pedro* ſtrictly enjoin'd me to ſee the Marriage Rites perform'd as ſoon as we ſhould arrive, to avoid the Accidental Overtures of *Venus.*

Sir *Jeal.* Overtures of *Venus.*

Sir *Geo.* Ay Sir, that is, thoſe little Hawking Females that traverſe the Park, and the Play-houſe to put off their damag'd Ware —they faſten upon Foreigners like Leeches, and watch their Arrival as carefully, as the *Kentiſh* Men do a Ship-wreck. I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, I know this Town ſwarms with them.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, and then you know the *Spaniards* are naturally Amorous, but very Conſtant, the firſt Face fixes 'em, and it may be dangerous to let him ramble e'er he is tied.

Cha. Well hinted. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Pat to my Purpoſe —— Well, Sir, there is but one thing more, and they ſhall be married inſtantly.

Cha. Pray Heaven that one thing more don't ſpoil all. (*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Jeal. Don Pedro* writ me word in his laſt but one, that he deſign'd the Sum of Five Thouſand Pounds by way of Joynture for my Daughter; and that it ſhould be paid into my Hand upon the Day of Marriage.

Cha. Oh! the Devil. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* In order to lodge it in ſome of our Funds, in caſe ſhe ſhould become a Widow, and return to *England.*

Sir *Geo.* Pox on't, this is an unlucky Turn. What ſhall I ſay. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* And he does not mention one Word of it in his Letter.

Cha. I don't know how he ſhould. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Humph! True, Sir *Jealous*, he told me ſuch a Thing, but, but, but——he, he, he——he did not imagine that you wou'd inſiſt upon the very Day, for, for, for, for Money you know is dangerous returning by Sea, an, an, an, an———

Cha. Zounds, ſay we have brought it in Commodities. (*Aſide to Sir* George.

Sir *Geo.* And ſo, Sir, he has ſent it in Merchandize, *Tobacco, Sugars, Spices, Limons*, and ſoforth, which ſhall be turn'd into Money with all Expedition: In the mean time, Sir, if you pleaſe to accept of my Bond for Performance———

Sir *Jeal.* It is enough, I'm ſo pleas'd with the Countenance of *Seignior Diego*, and the Harmony of your Name, that I'll take your Word, and will fetch my Daughter this Moment. Within there (*Enter Servant*) deſire Mr. *Taekum* my Neighbour's Chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, Sir. (*Exit.*

Sir *Jeal.* Gentlemen, I'll return in an Inſtant. (*Exit.*

Cha. Wondrous well, let me embrace thee.

Sir *Geo.* Egad that 5000 *l.* had like to have ruin'd the Plot.

Cha. But that's over! and if Fortune throws no more Rubs in our Way———

Sir *Geo.* Thou'lt carry the Prize———but hiſt, here he comes.

Enter Sir Jealous, *dragging in* Iſabinda.

Sir *Jeal.* Come along you ſtubborn Baggage you, come along. *Iſab.*

Iſab. Oh hear me, Sir! hear me but ſpeak one Word; Do not deſtroy my everlaſting Peace; My Soul abhors this *Spaniard* you have choſe, Nor can I wed him without being curſt.

Sir *Jeal.* How's that!

Iſab. Let this Poſture move your tender Nature. (*Kneels.*
For ever will I hang upon theſe Knees;
Nor looſe my Hands till you cut off my hold,
If you refuſe to hear me, Sir.

Cha. Oh! that I could diſcover my ſelf to her (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Have a care what you do. You had better truſt to his Obſtinacy. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Did you ever ſee ſuch a perverſe Slut. Off I ſay. Mr. *Meanwell*, pray help me a little.

Sir *Geo.* Riſe, Madam, and do not diſoblige your Father, who has provided a Huſband worthy of you, one that will Love you equal with his Soul, and one that you will Love when once you know him.

Iſab. Oh! never, never. Could I ſuſpect that Falſhood in my Heart, I wou'd this Moment tear it from my Breaſt.

Cha. Oh! my charming faithful Dear. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Jeal.* Falſhood! why, who the Devil are you in Love with? Ha! don't provoke me, for by St. *Jago* I ſhall beat you, Huſwife.

Cha. Heaven forbid; for I ſhall infallibly diſcover my ſelf if he ſhould. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Have Patience, Madam! and look at him: Why will ye prepoſſeſs yourſelf againſt a Man that is Maſter of all the Charms you wou'd deſire in a Huſband?

Sir *Jeal.* Ay, look at him, *Iſabinda*, *Senior paſe vind adelante.*

Cha. My Heart bleeds to ſee her grieve, whom I imagin'd would with Joy receive me. *Seniora obligue me vueſtra merced de ſumano.*

Sir *Jeal.* (*Pulling up her Head.*) Hold up your Head, hold up your Head, Huſwife, and look at him: Is there a properer, handſomer, better-ſhap'd Fellow in *England*, ye Jade you? Ha! ſee, ſee the obſtinate Baggage ſhuts her Eyes; by St. *Jago*, I have a good mind to beat 'em out. (*Puſhes her down.*

Iſab.

Iſab. Do then, Sir, kill me, kill me inſtantly.
'Tis much the kinder Action of the Two,
For 'twill be worſe than Death to wed him.

Sir *Geo.* Sir *Jealous*, you are too paſſionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle Words to work her to your purpoſe.

Sir *Jeal.* I pray do, Mr. *Meanwell*, I pray do; ſhe'll break my Heart. (*Weeps.*) There is in that, Jewels of the value of 3000 *l.* which were her Mother's; and a Paper wherein I have ſettled one half of my Eſtate upon her now, and the whole when I dye; but provided ſhe marries this Gentleman; elſe by St. *Jago*, I'll turn her out of Doors to beg or ſtarve. Tell her this, Mr. *Meanwell*, pray do. (*Walks off.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! this is beyond expectation—Truſt to me, Sir, I'll lay the dangerous Conſequence of diſobeying you at this Juncture before her I warrant you.

Cha. A ſudden Joy runs thro' my Heart like a propitious Omen. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Geo.* Come, Madam, do not blindly caſt your Life away juſt in the Moment you would wiſh to ſave it.

Iſab. Pray ceaſe your trouble, Sir, I have no wiſh but ſudden death to free me from this hated *Spaniard*. If you are his Friend inform him what I ſay; my Heart is given to another Youth, whom I love with the ſame ſtrength of Paſſion that I hate this *Diego*; with whom, if I am forc'd to wed, my own Hand ſhall cut the Gordian Knot.

Sir *Geo.* Suppoſe this *Spaniard* which you ſtrive to ſhun ſhould be the very Man to whom you'd fly?

Iſab. Ha!

Sir *Geo.* Would you not blame your raſh Reſult, and curſe thoſe eyes that would not look on *Charles*.

Iſab. On *Charles!* Oh you have inſpir'd new Life and collected every wandering Senſe. Where is he? Oh let me fly into his Arms. (*Riſes.*

Sir *Geo.* Hold, hold, hold, 'Sdeath, Madam, you'll ruin all; your Father believes him to be *Seignior Babinetto*. Compoſe your ſelf a little, pray Madam. (*He runs to Sir* Jealous.

Cha. Her Eyes declare ſhe knows me. (*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *Geo.* She begins to hear Reaſon, Sir, the fear of being turned out of Doors has done it. (*Runs back to* Iſab.

Iſab. 'Tis he, Oh! my raviſh'd Soul.

Sir *Geo.* Take heed, Madam, you don't betray your ſelf. Seem with Reluctance to conſent, or you are undone. (*Runs to Sir* Jealous.) Speak gently to her, Sir, I'm ſure ſhe'll yield, I ſee it in her Face.

Sir *Jeal.* Well, *Iſabinda*, can you refuſe to bleſs a Father, whoſe only Care is to make you happy, as Mr. *Meanwell* has inform'd you. Come, wipe thy Eyes; nay prithee do, or thou wilt break thy Father's Heart; ſee thou bring'ſt the Tears in mine to think of thy undutiful Carriage to me. (*Weeps.*

Iſab. Oh! do not weep Sir, your Tears are like a Poniard to my Soul, do with me what you pleaſe, I am all Obedience.

Sir *Jeal.* Ha! then thou art my Child again.

Sir *Geo.* 'Tis done, and now, Friend, the Day's thy own.

Cha. The happieſt of my Life, if nothing intervene.

Sir *Jeal.* And wilt thou love him?

Iſab. I will endeavour it, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. *Tackum.*

Sir *Jeal.* Shew him into the Parlour——*Senior tome vind ſueipora; cete Momento les Juntta les Manos.* (*Gives her to* Charles.

Cha. Oh! Tranſport——*Senior yo la recibo Como ſe deve un Teſoro tan Grande.* Oh! my Joy, my Life, my Soul. (*Embrace.*

Iſab. My faithful everlaſting Comfort.

Sir *Jeal.* Now, Mr *Meanwell*, let's to the Parſon.

Who by his Art will join this Pair for Life,
Make me the happieſt Father, her the happieſt Wife (Exit.

SCENE *changes to the Street, before Sir* Jealous's *Door.*

Enter Marplot *Solus.*

Marp. I have haunted all over the Town for *Charles*, but can't find him; and by *Whiſper*'s ſcouting at the End of the Street, I ſuſpect he muſt be in this Houſe again. I'm inform'd too that he has borrow'd a *Spaniſh* Habit out of the *Play-houſe*: What can it mean?

Enter

Enter a Serv. of Sir Jealous's *to him, out of the Houſe.* Hark'e, Sir, do you belong to this Houſe?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Marp. Pray can you tell if there be a Genleman in it in *Spaniſh Habit?*

Serv. There is a *Spaniſh* Gentleman within, that is juſt a going to marry my young Lady, Sir.

Marp. Are you ſure he is a *Spaniſh* Gentleman?

Serv. I'm ſure he ſpeaks no *Engliſh*, that I hear of.

Marp. Then that can't be him I want; for 'tis an *Engliſh* Gentleman, tho' I ſuppoſe he may be dreſs'd like a *Spaniard*, that I enquire after.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an Impoſtor? I'll inform my Maſter? for if he ſhould be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round, (*Aſide.*) Pray come in, Sir, and ſee if this be the Perſon you enquire for.

SCENE *changes to the Inſide of the Houſe.*

Enter Marplot.

Marp. So, this was a good Contrivance: If this be *Charles* now will he wonder how I found him out.

Enter Servant *and Sir* Jealous.

Sir *Jeal.* What is your earneſt Buſineſs, Blockhead, that you muſt ſpeak with me before the Ceremony's paſt? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this Gentleman, Sir, wants another in *Spaniſh* Habit, he ſays.

Sir *Jeal.* In *Spaniſh* Habit! 'tis ſome Friend of *Seignior Don Diego*'s, I warrant. Sir I ſuppoſe you wou'd ſpeak with *Seignior Babinetto*———

Marp. Hy-day! what the Devil does he ſay now! ——Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Sir *Jeal.* Don't you underſtand *Spaniſh*, Sir.

Marp. Not I indeed, Sir?

Sir *Jeal.* I thought you had known *Seignior Babinetto.*

Marp. Not I, upon my Word, Sir.

Sir *Jeal.* What then you'd ſpeak with his Friend the *Engliſh* Merchant, Mr. *Meanwell.*

Marp. Neither, Sir; not I.

Sir *Jeal.* Why who are you then, Sir? And what do you want? (*In an angry Tone.*

Marp. Nay, nothing at all, not I, Sir. Pox on him!

him! I wiſh I were out, he begins to exalt his Voice. I ſhall be beaten again.

Sir *Jeal.* Nothing at all, Sir! why then what Buſineſs have you in my Houſe? ha?

Serv. You ſaid you wanted a Gentleman in *Spaniſh* Habit.

Marp. Why, ay: but his Name is neither *Babinetto* nor *Meanwell.*

Sir *Jeal.* What is his Name then, Sirrah, ha? Now I look at you again, I believe you are the Rogue threatened me with half a Dozen Mirmidons ——Speak, Sir, who is it you look for? or, or——

Marp. A terrible old Dog!—Why, Sir, only an honeſt young Fellow of my Acquaintance—I thought that here might be a Ball, and that he might have been here in a Maſquerade; 'tis *Charles*, Sir *Francis Gripe*'s Son, becauſe I knew he us'd to come hither ſometimes.

Sir *Jeal.* Did he ſo?—Not that I know of, I'm ſure. Pray Heaven that this be Don *Diego*—If I ſhou'd be trick'd now—Ha! my Heart miſgives me plaguily——within there! ſtop the Marriage—Run, Sirrah, call all my Servants! I'll be ſatisfy'd that this is Seignior *Pedro*'s Son, e'er he has my Daughter.

Marp. Ha, Sir *George*, what have I done now?

Enter Sir George *with a drawn Sword between the Scenes.*

Sir *Geo.* Ha! *Marplot*, here——Oh the unlucky Dog——what's the matter, Sir *Jealous*?

Sir *Jeal.* Nay I don't know the matter, Mr. *Meanwell.*

Marp. Upon my Soul, Sir *George*——

(*Going up to Sir* George.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone: Thieves, Traytors, Rogues! (*Offers to go in.*) Stop the Marriage, I ſay——

Sir *Geo.* I ſay go on, Mr. *Tackum*——Nay, no entering here, I guard this Paſſage, old Gentleman; the Act and Deed were both your own, and I'll ſee them ſign'd, or die for't.

Enter Servant.

Sir *Jeal.* A Pox on the Act and Deed! fall on, knock him down. Sir

Sir *Geo.* Ay, come on, Scoundrils! I'll prick your Jackets for you.

Sir *Jeal.* Zounds, Sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you. (*Beats* Marplot.

Sir *Geo.* Ay, there your Vengeance is due; Ha, ha.

Marp. Why what do you beat me for? I han't marry'd your Daughter.

Sir *Jeal.* Raſcals! why don't you knock him down?

Serv. We are afraid of his Sword, Sir; if you'll take that from him, we'll knock him down preſently.

Enter Charles *and* Iſabinda.

Sir *Jeal.* Seize her then.

Cha. Raſcals, retire; ſhe's my Wife, touch her if you dare, I'll make Dogs-meat of you.

Sir *Jeal.* Ah! downright *Engliſh*, Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Enter Sir Francis Gripe, Miranda, Patch, Scentwell, *and* Whiſper.

Sir *Fran.* Into the Houſe of Joy we enter without knocking: Ha! I think 'tis the Houſe of Sorrow, Sir *Jealous.*

Sir *Jeal.* Oh! Sir *Francis!* are you come? what was this your Contrivance, to abuſe, trick, and chouſe me of my Child!

Sir *Fran.* My Contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir *Jeal.* No, you don't know your Son there in *Spaniſh* Habit.

Sir *Fran.* How! my Son in *Spaniſh* Habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd; get out of my ſight, ye Dog! get out of my ſight.

Sir *Jeal.* Get out of your ſight, Sir! Get out with your Bags; let's ſee what you'll give him now to maintain my Daughter on.

Sir *Fran.* Give him! He ſhall be never the better for a Penny of mine——and you might have look'd after your Daughter better, Sir *Jealous.* Trick'd, quotha! Egad, I think you deſign'd to trick me: But look ye, Gentlemen, I believe I ſhall trick you both. This Lady is my Wife, do you ſee? And my Eſtate ſhall deſcend only to the Heirs of her Body.

Sir *Geo.* Lawfully begotten by me——I ſhall be extremely oblig'd to you, Sir *Francis.*

Sir

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, poor Sir *George!* you ſee your Project was of no uſe, does not your hundred Pound ſtick in your Stomach? Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Geo.* No faith, Sir *Francis*, this Lady has given me a Cordial for that. (*Takes her by the Hand.*

Sir *Fran.* Hold, Sir, you have nothing to ſay to this Lady.

Sir *Geo.* Nor you nothing to do with my Wife, Sir.

Sir *Fran.* Wife, Sir!

Miran. Ay, really *Guardian*, 'tis even ſo. I hope you'll forgive my firſt Offence.

Sir *Fran.* What have you chous'd me out of my Conſent, and your Writings then, Miſtreſs, ha?

Miran. Out of nothing but my own, *Guardian.*

Sir *Jeal.* Ha, ha, ha, 'tis ſome Comfort at leaſt to ſee you are over-reach'd as well as myſelf. Will you ſettle your Eſtate upon your Son now?

Sir *Fran.* He ſhall ſtarve firſt.

Miran. That I have taken care to prevent. There Sir, is the Writings of your Uncle's Eſtate, which has been your due theſe three Years.

(*Gives* Charles *Papers.*

Cha. I ſhall ſtudy to deſerve this Favour.

Sir *Fran.* What have you robb'd me too Miſtreſs! Egad I'll make you reſtore 'em——Huſwife, I will ſo.

Sir *Jeal.* Take care I don't make you pay the Arrears, Sir. 'Tis well it's no worſe, ſince 'tis no better. Come, young Man, ſeeing thou haſt out-witted me, take her, and bleſs you both.

Cha. I hope, Sir, you'll beſtow your Bleſſing too, 'tis all I aſk.

Sir *Fran.* Confound you all. (*Exit.*

Marp. Mercy upon us! how he looks!

Sir *Geo.* Ha, ha, ne'er mind his Curſes, *Charles*; thou'lt thrive not one Jot the worſe for 'em. Since this Gentleman is reconcil'd, we are all made happy.

Sir *Jeal.* I always lov'd Precaution, and took care to avoid Dangers. But when a thing was paſt, I ever had Philoſophy to be eaſy.

Cha. Which is the true ſign of a great Soul; I lov'd your Daughter, and ſhe me, and you ſhall have no reaſon to repent her Choice.

Iſab.

Iſab. You will not blame me, Sir, for loving my own Country beſt

Marp. So here's every Body happy, I find, but poor *Pilgarlick.* I wonder what Satisfaction I ſhall have, for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your Service.

Sir *Jeal.* I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out; but there's no help for't; you muſt forgive me.

Marp. Egad I think ſo——but provided that you be not familiar for the future.

Sir *Geo.* Thou haſt been an unlucky Rogue.

Marp. But very honeſt.

Cha. That I'll vouch for; and freely forgive thee.

Sir *Geo.* And I'll do you one Piece of Service more, *Marplot*, I'll take care that Sir *Francis* make you Maſter of your Eſtate.

Marp. That will make me as happy as any of you.

Patch. Your humble Servant begs leave to remind you, Madam.

Iſab. Sir, I hope you'll give me leave to take *Patch* into favour again.

Sir *Jeal.* Nay, let your Husband look to that, I have done with my Care.

Cha. Her own Liberty ſhall always oblige me. Here's no Body but honeſt *Whiſper* and Mrs. *Scentwell* to be provided for now. It ſhall be left to their Choice to marry or keep their Services.

Whiſp. Nay then, I'll ſtick to my Maſter.

Scent. Coxcomb! and I prefer my Lady before a Footman.

Sir *Jeal.* Hark, I hear Muſick, the Fidlers ſmell a Wedding. What ſay you, young Fellows, will ye have a Dance;

A DANCE.

Sir *Jeal.* Now let us in and refreſh our ſelves with a chearful Glaſs, in which we'll bury all Animoſities: And

By my Example let all Parents move,
And never ſtrive to croſs their Childrens Love,
But ſtill ſubmit that Care to Providence above.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

IN me you see one Busie Body more;
Tho' you may have enough of one before.
With Epilogues, the Busie Body's Way,
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a Play.
At this mad Sessions, half condemn'd e'er try'd,
Some, in three Days, have been turn'd off, and dy'd.
In spight of Parties, their Attempts are vain,
For like false Prophets, they ne'er rise again.
Too late, when cast, your Favour one beseeches,
And Epilogues prove Execution-Speeches.
Yet sure I spy no Busie Bodies here,
And one may pass since they do ev'ry where.
Sour Criticks Time and Breath and Censures waste,
And baulk your Pleasures to refine your Taste.
One busie Don ill-tim'd high Tenets preaches,
Another yearly shews himself in Speeches.
Some snivling Cits would have a Peace for spight,
To starve those Warriors who so bravely fight.
Still of a Foe upon his Knees afraid,
Whose well-bang'd Troops want Money, Heart and Bread.
Old Beaux, who none, not e'en themselves can please,
Are busie still, for nothing——but to teize
The Young; so busie to engage a Heart;
The Mischief done, are busie most to part.
Ungrateful Wretches, who still cross one's Will,
When they more kindly might be busie still?
One to a Husband, who ne'er dreamt of Horns,
Shows how dear Spouse with Friends his Brow adorns.
Th' officious Tell-tale Fool (he shou'd repent it)
Parts three kind Souls that liv'd at Peace contented.
Some with Law-Quirks set Houses by the Ears.
With Physick one what he would heal impairs,
Like that dark mob'd up Fry, that neighb'ring Curse,
Who to remove Love's Pains bestow a worse.
Since then this medling Tribe infest the Age,
Bear one awhile expos'd upon the Stage.
Let now the Busie Bodies vent their Spight,
And [illegible] Humour Pleasure crown the Night.

FINIS.

30 66 MAY

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